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GEN. JAMES A. WILLIAMSON.

BY MAJOR GENERAL G. M. DODGE.

Brigadier General James Alexander Williamson, a distinguished soldier and citizen of the State of Iowa, died at Jamestown, Rhode Island, on September 7, 1902.

As a long-time friend and comrade of General Williamson, and as a citizen of Iowa, it is a pleasure to me to pay the tribute that this distinguished soldier is entitled to, and to make of record his services as a citizen and a soldier.

He was born February 8, 1829, in Columbia, Adair county, Kentucky, of good Scotch-English ancestry. When but a child of three years of age he was taken by his mother, recently become a widow, with the family and the maternal grandparents, to a little settlement on White river, near Indianapolis, Indiana, where he spent his younger days in cultivating the soil, and overcoming the hardships endured by pioneers of those days.

When a boy of fifteen years, young Williamson, with his people, again migrated westward to the territory of Iowa. They moved in prairie schooners with ox teams, over the fertile lands of Illinois and into what is now known as Keokuk county, Iowa, one year before it became a State. He did a man's work while yet a boy, laboring hard that every opportunity should be improved in the way of study, and the reading of such books as were available in a new land, and fitted himself to enter Knox college, at Galesburg, Ill., from which he graduated. He then went to the little town of Lancaster, Keokuk county, where he read law in the office of a fellow townsman, and soon acquired a good practice. He also

became interested in various enterprises incident to the development of a new country. He soon obtained the confidence of the people in his town, and was sent to Boston and New York to purchase goods for the business men.

In 1853, when twenty-four years old, he married Miss Ann W. Gregory, of Birmingham, Van Buren county. A little more than a year later he took his wife and child to Fort Des Moines, where he became interested in the real estate and banking business.

In 1855 he was a prominent factor in the removal of the State capital from Iowa City to Des Moines, and it was largely through his efforts that this was accomplished. It is a matter of great regret to many citizens of Iowa that he was not permitted to write the story of this event, as he had promised to do for the ANNALS OF IOWA.

The political views of General Williamson in these years, 1855-1860, were Democratic. In 1860 he was a delegate to the national convention in Baltimore, which nominated Douglas and Johnson.

The same year Williamson was chairman of the Democratic State Committee of the State of Iowa, and, as such chairman, called a convention of all persons who wished to avert a civil war, which met in Des Moines in the winter of 1860-61. Few of the large number of persons attending this convention believed there was any danger of war, and they were unwilling to seriously consider the question; but having been born in a slave state, it was Williamson's firm belief that war was inevitable, and from the hour when the first gun was fired in the cause of rebellion no one doubted where he stood. He began to put his business affairs in order, and when the call came he recruited a few men at Des Moines, and with a few others that were recruited by Judge Reed in Dallas county, they were sent to Council Bluffs and were made a part of what was known as the "Dodge Battery," which I was raising at the time I raised the Fourth Iowa. Hon. Caleb Baldwin, a judge of the Supreme Court of Iowa,

and a personal friend of mine, and also of Williamson, recommended him for the position of adjutant of the Fourth Iowa. Williamson told Judge Baldwin that if he did not get a commission he would enlist as a private in one of the companies of the regiment, if it was not full. I did not know Williamson personally, but upon Judge Baldwin's recommendation was glad to accept him. He came to me with a letter from Judge Baldwin or Governor Kirkwood, I forget which, which spoke very highly of him.

Soon after he reported and was mustered in, the regiment moved to St. Louis, and camped at Jefferson barracks. It had no arms, tents, uniforms, blankets, cooking utensils—in fact, nothing but the clothes the men had brought with them from their homes. We were immediately sent from St. Louis to Rolla, and the regiment landed there destitute of every necessity, except guns sufficient to mount guard. On arriving at Rolla, I immediately sent Williamson to St. Louis to obtain the necessary equipment for the regiment. In describing his difficulties in carrying out his orders, he said:

I entered upon an experience in the line of duty that was at least novel and unusual, and if I could make a faithful pen or word picture of it I feel sure that but few would believe me. I had been unable even to procure a uniform for myself, and I had to appear, or try to appear, before Major General John C. Fremont, commanding, in citizen's clothes, having nothing about me but my orders to indicate that I belonged to the military service. I never saw General Fremont, although I had appointments with him at unseemly hours. On the occasion of my first or second call I had handed to the chief of staff a correct and proper statement of my business, setting forth the condition of the regiment, and its imperative wants, before it could possibly be of any service to the government. An appointment would be arranged for some unseemly hour, say six o'clock and twenty-three minutes a. m., or some such time, and I was always at the entrance to the headquarters, watch in hand, at the time stated, only to be met by the guard and halted, who, when I explained that I had an appointment with the general commanding, would give an incredulous smile and deny me admission, saying that the general did not see any person until noon, or some later hour. After many weary days I obtained orders for such equipage as could then be had. I procured canteens from a stationery store, clothing from a hardware firm, camp kettles and cooking utensils from dry goods stores, not getting an article from a house that would ordinarily be dealing in the goods furnished. I drew muskets from the arsenal, etc.

These muskets were of Prussian make, and many of them burst at the first firing, and were more dangerous at their butts than at their muzzles.

Lieutenant Williamson was on duty as adjutant of the Fourth Iowa Infantry. He had no military training, practical or theoretical, in fact, was absolutely green in the duties of an adjutant, and naturally made many mistakes, but he studied hard and was anxious to learn, and was ready to obtain knowledge from everybody in the regiment. There were some officers and enlisted men who had had some experience, and some who had made a study of the tactics, but who had no practical use of them, and there were others who had at some time been in the regular army. All of these I endeavored to utilize in drilling the regiment, and from these and others there often came quite severe criticisms of Williamson, although they never reached my ears, officially, and not much attention was paid to them, as we were busy drilling the regiment.

Soon after Williamson returned from St. Louis the officers of the regiment all signed a petition asking him to resign as adjutant on account of his inexperience. The petition was presented by Lieutenant Nichols, an officer who had made a study of tactics, and was bright, but like many others had only the experience he had obtained since joining the regiment, but in the drilling I had given the regiment he had become efficient. This action of the officers greatly annoyed Williamson, but I had seen enough of him to know how valuable an officer he was, and instructed him to detail other officers to perform the duties of adjutant on dress parade. While many of them were up in tactics, not having served in that capacity, they all made mistakes when they came out at dress parade; this relieved Williamson of much of the criticism he had been receiving, and the officers who signed this petition, after themselves having an opportunity to perform the duties personally, were much more lenient in their judgment of Williamson. I know that Lieutenant Nichols,

who was an excellent officer, and afterwards became lieutenant colonel and colonel of the regiment, became a very warm friend and supporter of Williamson. He, like many others when they presented the petition to him, did not fully appreciate the duties which fall to an adjutant. A short time afterwards many of the officers, seeing Williamson's attention to his duties and his interest in the regiment, made and signed this endorsement on the petition: "We, the undersigned, having become satisfied of the competency of Adjutant Williamson, and being pleased to acknowledge his earnest desire to discharge his duty, as an act of justice, withdraw our names from the within petition, expressing the hope that our intercourse may be long and pleasant." This ended the controversy.

Williamson, in writing about this afterwards, said:

On this occasion I required all my strength to keep myself under control. Colonel Dodge uttered no speech to the committee; he said absolutely nothing; silence reigned until the end of the dinner. I finally broke the silence by saying to him, "Well! what shall I do?" His reply was, "Attend to the duties of your office." I have always regarded this as a most friendly act, and the one having a greater bearing on my military life than any other that ever came to me. If Colonel Dodge had hesitated, or said less than he did, I should, of course, have handed in my resignation.

During the winter of 1861-2, the regiment started on the Pea Ridge campaign as a part of General Curtis' army of the southwest. In that campaign I commanded a brigade, in which the Fourth Iowa was one of the regiments and Williamson was detailed as my adjutant. At the same time I kept full control of the regiment, and he kept his hands upon all the regimental details. We made a steady march until we reached Springfield. The enemy, under Price, were supposed to be occupying Springfield, and we lined up one night about midnight for the purpose of moving upon and attacking Springfield at daylight. We had put out our skirmish lines, and I can distinctly remember hearing Sigel's artillery on our right. The night was dark and I lost my skirmish line and sent Williamson after it. He was unable to find it,

and we were in great distress, thinking the enemy had captured it, but about daylight we saw men coming towards us, several of them mounted on horses, and in different costumes. The skirmish line had skirmished into Springfield, and finding no enemy there had taken the leavings of the Confederate army, and were coming out to us in great glee, so that our whole attack upon Springfield was a farce.

From Springfield we pushed on very rapidly, being occasionally halted as we went along by Price's rear guard, and never being able to bring his army into line of battle, though we were often forced into line of battle by the demonstrations of their rear guard, until we reached the country south of Cassville and Benton, where we rested until March 5, when we were aroused and moved back in the night to Sugar Creek, the enemy under Van Dorn being reported as moving north to flank us.

On the first day of the battle of Pea Ridge, while we were facing south, and lined up behind Sugar Creek, building entrenchments, one of the officers of Colonel Phelps' Twenty-sixth Missouri infantry reported to me that the enemy were passing around our right flank to our rear; that on the road they were taking to Cassville there was a ravine, or what was known as "Cross Hollow," which could easily be obstructed and detain their march. I immediately reported this to General Curtis, and he at once instructed me to detail a force and go there and obstruct the road. I made a detail, and with this officer as guide, went to the spot and spent some time felling trees across the road, and making such obstructions as were possible, as the enemy were at that time coming down the road, and two companies of my own regiment that had followed us had in the dark failed to find us; we thought they had been cut off by the enemy, but they came into camp all right. General Price, in his report, gives this as one of the reasons for not attacking us at daylight. In referring to this, Williamson says:

Regardless of all opinions, I have always thought and believed that the cutting of this timber saved Curtis' army from defeat. The enemy could easily have gotten into position, and had choice of the ground upon which to fight long before daylight, and could, and perhaps would have brought on the battle at daylight, which would have been a surprise.

The delaying of General Price's command gave General Curtis an opportunity and time to change his entire line from Sugar Creek, facing south, to Elkhorn Tavern line, facing north.

In the battle of Pea Ridge, in which the Fourth Iowa took so conspicuous a part, and for which it received so much credit, Williamson's conduct won the commendation and friendship of the regiment. My brigade remained on the field facing and fighting the enemy from the position we took in the morning until nearly dark, while the other brigade, which was posted at Elkhorn Tavern, was forced to fall back. Along towards night, not hearing any firing in that direction, I sent Williamson over to find Colonel Carr, who commanded the division, and ascertain what was going on. The enemy appeared to be on both my flanks, and I did not understand how they got around my left flank. Williamson ran into a column of the enemy that had been coming up the Elkhorn Tavern road, and was actually in our rear, and received their point blank fire without being hit. He came back and informed me of our condition; we were virtually surrounded, and I immediately drew out my brigade. My losses had been very heavy, in fact, there was not a field officer left in my command except myself. In falling back we passed very near to a column of the enemy; they evidently did not know who we were, but supposed us to be a portion of their own force and allowed us to pass on by them without making any demonstration. When we had fallen back close to the new line that was occupied by the rest of the division, General Curtis rode up and made inquiries as to what there was in front. I informed him, and told him we were out of ammunition, and he immediately ordered me to fix bayonets and charge the enemy. The brigade heard the order,

and, before I could repeat it, they had fixed bayonets and were charging over the same ground at a double quick, but we found the enemy had retired at the same time we did, and we returned and took up our position in the new line that had been formed for the night. On the second day Williamson was wounded, but kept the field. The third day's fight was very short. The defeat of the enemy on our left by Colonel Davis, and the loss of their two generals, McCullough and McIntosh, caused them to leave for Arkansas, and General Van Dorn, who was in command, sent word to General Price, who commanded in our front, to make a demonstration in the morning and retire by way of White river, and, in fact, to get out as best he could. As soon as we moved forward on the morning of the third day the enemy retired, and we could see them retreating in great disorder, spreading out over the hills. My brigade had the lead in following towards White river, and had commenced capturing stragglers of the enemy, but I was recalled in a short time, and returned to hold possession of the battlefield. Williamson went personally to General Curtis to inform him of what we had discovered, and what we thought could be accomplished by following the enemy in that direction, but because Sigel's command had fallen back toward Cassville General Curtis held us on the field which we had fought so hard to win.

After this action the lieutenant colonel of the regiment resigned. On March 23, 1862, at Keetsville, Mo., the officers unanimously recommended Williamson for the place, stating that in the late battle of Pea Ridge he behaved with such gallantry and bravery as to merit their hearty commendation. The officers also secured the opinion of the enlisted men, and reported them as being unanimously in favor of his promotion.

On April 4, Williamson was appointed lieutenant colonel and took command of the regiment, as I had left it soon after the battle of Pea Ridge, having been made a brigadier gen-

eral for its action in that battle. I did not see the regiment again until the Chattanooga campaign, although I was in constant communication with it from the beginning until the end of the war. Williamson communicated with me regularly, giving me all the news in relation to it, and asking my advice in regard to nearly everything of importance connected with it.

On the 12th of April Curtis' army began a rather memorable march from their camp near Keetsville through Missouri and Arkansas to Helena, on the Mississippi river, where they arrived on July 14, 1862. The march was long and wearisome, and it rained continually. The force was short of rations and was dependent upon the little that could be found in the country. They were out of touch with the rest of the world, and received no mail for nearly three months.

During this march Williamson wrote me many letters. In one, written May 16, 1862, he says:

General Curtis has been here for some time, and came out to meet us today. I was not expecting him, but had taken great care to bring in the regiment in good order, carrying both our national and regimental colors. I was complimented for the appearance and good order of our regiment, although some of the boys were entirely barefoot. We cannot get shoes.

On May 22 the unanimous recommendation of the officers of the regiment for the appointment of Williamson as colonel was forwarded to the governor, who consulted me in relation to the appointment, as he had done in the appointment of all officers in the regiment, and said in one of his letters to me: "All the commissions you recommended have been sent on, except as to the captain of the battery." One of the underlying reasons for the efficiency of the Iowa troops in the field and the confidence their superior officers had in them came from the fact that after a regiment entered the field Governor Kirkwood invariably took the advice of the officers as to appointments and promotions in it.

On July 31, 1862, Williamson received his commission as colonel. On July 15 he wrote me from Helena: "Can

you not bring some influence to bear that will get this regiment under your command? The men and officers desire it very much." I made application for the regiment several times, but as my commands were far away from where it was serving, I never succeeded in obtaining its services.

The regiment remained at Helena hunting guerrillas and reconnoitering through the country on both sides of the Mississippi river. The climate and malaria caused much sickness.

On December 23, 1862, General Sherman arrived with a fleet en route to Vicksburg. The Fourth Iowa was taken along, with others, and assigned to General J. M. Thayer's brigade of Morgan's Third Division of the right wing of the Thirteenth Army Corps, commanded by General Steele. In the battle of Vicksburg Bayou, Williamson was wounded, but did not leave the field. The regiment lost heavily in killed and wounded, but the Yazoo water that the command had to drink ultimately caused the death of more men than were lost in the battles of Vicksburg Bayou and Arkansas Post. In writing to me in relation to this attack, Williamson said:

After being under fire all day until about 3 o'clock, I received an order to charge the enemy's entrenchments right in the face of a battery that was planted above them. I never had seen the ground over which I was to pass, nor were directions given me as to the exact point where I should make the attack. I was only told to go forward, and that I would be supported by other regiments. Of course I did not want to be told a second time, but ordered the regiment forward at a double-quick, General Thayer going at my side. After getting under the enemy's fire I learned what I had not previously known, that there was immediately in front a narrow, deep swamp, which could only be crossed by the flank, which I was compelled to do, with a direct fire in front, and a cross-fire from the batteries on the right and left. As soon as the head of the line crossed I filed to the right and brought forward into line, and then we were enfiladed by what was before us, and were so exposed until we gained the first line of entrenchments and passed some distance beyond them. Here the discovery was made that we were not supported, and General Thayer said: "My God! what is to be done?" Knowing that it was certain destruction to a large portion of the regiment to fall back, and that it could be but little worse to stay, I said to him that I would hold the position I then had until reinforcements came up, or until it was rendered certain that they were not

coming. I held the place about half an hour, until I could see none of our troops on either flank, or in our rear, and no hope of support; then came the perilous task of getting out. I gave the order to fall back, and got the regiment off in good order. When I got back I found that the Thirtieth Iowa, which was to follow, had been ordered to the support of somebody else on the right, and the balance of the regiments which were to follow were lying on their bellies in the timber. My regiment and I had apparently been forgotten by everybody except General Thayer, who was weeping like a child on account of General Morgan having ordered away the first regiment which was to support me, and halting the balance of the brigade, which, I imagine, however, was not hard to halt. General Thayer is a brave man, and I believe if his arrangements had not been interfered with we would have gone entirely through the enemy's lines and carried the hill. There was gross mismanagement some place about General Thayer, but none on his part.

General Thayer in his report of the battle, after mentioning Colonel Williamson's name six times, says:

The conduct of the noble Fourth, both officers and men, throughout this terrible ordeal, is worthy of the highest praise. They pressed steadily and firmly forward, there was no flinching; they entered the enemy's works in splendid style. Colonel Williamson marched at the head of his column, and by his boldness and heroic courage won my unqualified admiration. He is deserving of the favorable consideration of his government. He was struck by three balls, but not severely wounded, and remained on the field the balance of the day.

The action of Colonel Williamson and his regiment in this attack received the commendation of his superior officers, and a board of officers authorized the regiment to place upon its banners, "First at Chickasaw Bayou." This is the highest compliment that could be paid to Colonel Williamson and his regiment for their action.

Colonel Williamson and his regiment returned from Chickasaw Bayou with Sherman's army, under the command of General McClernand, and took part in the battle of Arkansas Post. In writing me in relation to this battle, Williamson said:

The regiment was under fire all day at Arkansas Post, when another charge was ordered, but immediately countermanded, as the enemy ran up the white flag, just at the moment the regiment was ready to charge. If we had made the last charge, but few would have been left, as the enemy's entrenchments and rifle pits were well formed, and we would have been compelled to pass over a very level, open piece of ground to reach them.

The army returned to the Mississippi river, and landed at Young's Point, opposite Vicksburg. Thayer's brigade camped upon the levee. The river was very high, and the men had to throw down brush, trees and debris to lie upon to keep out of the water. On the 2d of April the regiment moved with Steele's division to Black Bayou, Rolling Fork and Sunflower, fighting guerrillas and Confederate forces all the time. Williamson said:

The expedition destroyed enormous quantities of corn and other supplies, burning great quantities of cotton, cotton gins, houses, etc. The march was through a very prolific and fertile country, and slaves by the thousands joined the columns, bringing all their belongings with them, expressing great joy and offering prayers for Mr. Lincoln. The fervent shouting of "Glory to God" was impressed upon my mind, and formed scenes never to be forgotten.

On our return Colonel Lorenzo Thomas visited our army, sent by the president to state the facts to the army and obtain its opinion as to organizing colored regiments and mustering them into the service. All the officers present were requested to express themselves upon the subject, and I was the first called upon. I favored the organization of the negroes, saying I believed they would make good soldiers, as I had seen many cases of bravery and devotion on their part, and had no doubt they would become efficient under proper officers. Somewhat to my surprise the short speech I had made was applauded, as I had no knowledge how the army felt. It was decided by Colonel Thomas before he got down from the wagon from which he spoke to the command that he would then and there detail officers to form regiments out of the negroes who had followed General Steele's command in the late expedition. This was one of the most decisive and notable incidents I witnessed during the war.

After this expedition, Colonel Williamson took part, under General Grant, in the campaign against Vicksburg, and was camped above Vicksburg on the Mississippi river, near the head of the proposed canal. On January 23, 1862, in writing to me about the canal, he said:

The canal which we are working on will never amount to anything for the reason that if a sufficient rise should take place to wash it out, it would wash the whole army away, as there is not a spot within fifty miles that does not overflow, except Vicksburg. I have not more than three hundred men for duty; the whole army is but little better than a hospital. I fear that I have lost my own health; I have not seen a well day for three months, and have lost thirty pounds of flesh, but I shall never give up while I can walk.

On May 1, 1863, Williamson, with his regiment, commenced the march to Grand Gulf, crossing after the rest of the army, and took part in the capture of Jackson. After two days, they moved from Jackson, by way of Clinton, Bolton and Bridgeport, to Vicksburg. During all this time Williamson was very ill, but remained with his command. On May 18, the Fourth Iowa, under the eye of General Sherman, fought its way to a position not far from where it made its first attack upon Vicksburg. On the 19th Colonel Williamson took part in the attack, but the ground over which they had to move was impassable, and Colonel Milo Smith, of the Twenty-ninth Iowa, was killed while consulting with Williamson as to how they should get their regiments out without serious loss. Up to the surrender his command worked at sapping and mining, getting close up to the rebel entrenchments. Colonel Williamson was obliged to take a leave of absence before the surrender of Vicksburg on account of his own illness and the critical illness of his wife. He returned to his command within thirty days, but this leave, no doubt, prevented his being recommended for promotion, for at a later day when General Sherman met Mrs. Williamson, he said: "You are the little woman for whom General Williamson sacrificed the hope of promotion by going to see," and then added, with kindly humor, "I don't blame him now."

Upon Williamson's return to Vicksburg he was assigned to duty in command of a good strong fighting brigade, the Third Brigade, First Division, Fifteenth Army Corps.

General Grant's general order, dated Vicksburg, Miss., October 15, promulgates the report of a board of officers, appointed for the purpose of determining the names of the battles that the regiments of the Fifteenth Army Corps were entitled to inscribe upon their colors and guidons. The report authorized the Fourth Iowa to inscribe upon its colors and guidons, "Pea Ridge," "First at Chickasaw Bayou," "Arkansas Post," "Vicksburg, siege and assault, 19th and 22d," "Jackson."

On the 22d of September, 1863, Williamson's brigade took steamers to Memphis and marched to Corinth, Miss., where Colonel Williamson took command of the Second Brigade, known as the Iowa Brigade, First Division, General Osterhaus commanding, Fifteenth Army Corps, General Sherman commanding, and took part in the movement towards Decatur, Ala., fighting at Dalton Station on the 20th, at Cherokee Station on the 21st, where Colonel Torrence of the Thirtieth Iowa was killed, at Barton Station on the 26th, and at Tuscumbia on the 27th, taking the town. As showing the enemy's force in front, Colonel Williamson quotes my dispatch to General Sherman as being Wheeler's and Lee's divisions of cavalry, Walker's and Roddy's brigades of cavalry, and Forrest with 350 men south of the Tennessee and east of Tuscumbia. On the 30th Williamson's brigade crossed the Tennessee at Chickasaw Landing, and marched with the rest of the Army of the Tennessee to Chattanooga. They reached Stevenson on November 16, and he said: "The road from there to Chattanooga was well nigh impassable, not only from being cut up by the large trains, but from the large number of dead mules left in the roadway." On November 23 they arrived at Lookout creek. The pontoon bridge crossing the Tennessee was broken that night, and the First Division, Fifteenth Army Corps, General Osterhaus commanding, was assigned to General Hooker's command.

On November 24, 1864, Colonel Williamson's brigade carried the point of Lookout Mountain, fighting above the clouds; it was the first brigade to break through the enemy's lines, and greatly distinguished itself. I have this from Colonel Daniel Butterfield, General Hooker's chief of staff, who informed me that in going to Geary's division, which came from the Army of the Potomac, seeking to ascertain the position and condition of the troops, he found Osterhaus' division furthest advanced, and troops of Williamson's brigade just capturing Lookout Point; and when the New York monument was erected he intended that the names of the reg-

iments composing Williamson's brigade should appear on that monument as having captured the point.

General Osterhaus in his report, after describing the taking of the point of Lookout Mountain, says:

The rebels charged with great vehemence, and attempted to regain the numerous entrenchments they had thrown up all around to the White house. They were, however, signally repulsed, and my regiments held this important point during the night. The enemy, fully aware of the importance of the position gained by us, made several attempts to dislodge us in the fore part of the night. . . . After midnight he abstained, and commenced his retreat toward Missionary Ridge.

General Osterhaus in his report upon Missionary Ridge, says:

With a view of flanking the enemy's position in Roswell's Gap, General Woods, with the First brigade, was ordered to take the ravine on the right. Colonel Williamson's Second brigade ascended the steep Missionary Ridge, . . . striking both their flanks, and, their line of retreat threatened, the enemy hastily evacuated the gap. . . . They had to leave their artillery, wagons, ambulances and subsistence stores in our hands.

Speaking of the second attack, he said:

The Second brigade, Williamson's, fired a salvo into the terrified rebels. . . . Finding their escape impossible, they obeyed my orders and laid down their arms. My division took over two thousand prisoners and one piece of artillery.

Writing of the battle of Ringgold, fought November 28, Williamson says:

Taylor's Ridge, at Ringgold, is a bold, rocky faced ridge, and very difficult of ascent. Bragg's army had all the time they wanted to get there, and to form in line on this crest almost out of any danger from an attacking force. I do not know where the order originated, but I was ordered by General Osterhaus to go forward, keeping my right well toward the gap. I endeavored to go up, and did go up, under a killing fire, in which I saw more valuable lives thrown away, absolutely sacrificed, without any apparent purpose or reason (as it afterward developed), than I have ever seen out of so small a number before, but except what General Osterhaus says in his report, this whole battle seems to have been lost sight of in history, so far as I can learn. In the attack my brigade lost over eight hundred men.*

*General Grant, in his "Personal Memoirs," vol. 2, p. 91, speaking of Hooker's attack, says: "This attack was unfortunate, and cost us some men unnecessarily."

Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, in his dispatch to Secretary Stanton, dated Ringgold, November 28, 1863, 8 a. m., in volume 31, part 2, page 70, of the Rebel-

After Chattanooga, General Sherman in his report, says:

I must say that it is but justice that colonels of regiments who have so long and so well commanded brigades shall be commissioned to the grade which they have filled with so much usefulness and credit to the public service, namely: . . . J. A. Williamson, Fourth Regiment Iowa volunteers.

For the action of Colonel Williamson and the Fourth Iowa in the battles of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Ringgold, General Grant, on February 4, 1864, upon the report of the board of officers, authorized the regiment to inscribe "Chattanooga" upon its colors.

After the battle of Chattanooga, Colonel Williamson with his brigade returned to Woodville, Ala., and remained for the winter. On January 1, 1864, the Fourth Iowa re-enlisted. On February 26th they started for home on veteran furlough, and arrived at Des Moines on March 9th. The city gave them a magnificent reception, and the legislature adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, We have learned that the veterans of the Fourth Iowa have re-enlisted for three years, or during the war, and that they are now on their way to this city on furlough, to enjoy for a short time the blessings of the domestic circle, and the citizens of Des Moines are preparing to give them a proper reception; and deeming it our duty as their repre-

lion Records, has this to say of the fight at Ringgold: "Yesterday the first great fault in this admirable campaign occurred at this place. General Hooker arrived here about 9 a. m. with Geary's Division, Twelfth Corps, Osterhaus' Division of Sherman's army, lately commanded by Woods, and two divisions, Fourteenth Corps, under Palmer. The enemy were drawn up in the narrow gorge where the railroad passes between Taylor's Ridge on the right and White Oak Ridge on the left, the two ridges being, in fact, but parts of the same range of hills. It was a very dangerous defile to attack in front, and common sense plainly dictated that it should be turned. This could be done without difficulty by way of White Oak Ridge, which can be passed with ease in many places, while Taylor's Ridge is steeper, though infinitely easier to go over than Missionary Ridge at Chattanooga. However, Hooker attacked in front, and the result was officially reported by him last night in the loss of 500 killed and wounded, where there was no necessity of losing fifty. Having been repulsed in his first attempt, Hooker tried to turn the position, but in this blundered yet worse, for he sent his troops through the nearest gap in White Oak Ridge, not more than half a mile distant from the gorge, where the movement was fully visible to the enemy, and where they had time to prepare a destructive cross-fire, which made this attack quite as fatal as the former. Having thus failed in this flank movement, in which the Twelfth Missouri lost nearly all its officers, he sent Geary's troops again to the front and finally carried it by Geary's New York regiments. The troops of Osterhaus suffered most."

sentatives to express our appreciation of their gallantry and their services in the suppression of the rebellion; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the General Assembly of the State of Iowa, That we have watched with pride and admiration the Fourth Iowa Infantry, as step by step they have borne the ensign of the free, on the memorable fields of Pea Ridge, Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Jackson, Vicksburg, siege and assault, Cherokee, Caney Creek, Tuscumbia, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and Ringgold, and in their long and weary marches, enduring all the privations and hardships of a soldier's life, they have toiled on and fought for home, kindred and country until the mute graves of their comrades in arms point in sadness to the remnants of brave men, who have honored their State and added to the glory of the nation.

Resolved, That in the re-enlistment of said regiment, we have the strongest evidence of their attachment to the principles of civil liberty; and that their love of country is paramount to all other considerations, and entitles them to the lasting honor and gratitude of those whose firesides have been protected by their arms.

Resolved, That as a token of our confidence and regard for the distinguished services of that regiment, we will adjourn and attend in a body the reception of the veterans on their return to this city.

Resolved, That the governor be requested to present them with a copy of these resolutions, and on behalf of the members of this general assembly bid them welcome to the capital of the State whose honor they have kept so sacredly untarnished.

When their furlough expired they returned to Woodville. Williamson, in writing me from Des Moines April 1, 1864, said: "The boys have been well received everywhere in Iowa and have been guilty of only one lawless act, and in that I think they are sustained by nearly all loyal men."

On the first of May the Second Brigade, First Division, Fifteenth Army Corps, under Colonel Williamson, left Woodville for Chattanooga to take part in the Atlanta campaign.

In the battle of Resaca they attacked with the rest of the Fifteenth Corps, and Williamson's brigade occupied the town.

At the battle of Dallas his brigade held the extreme right of the Army of the Tennessee, and held a position in advance of his corps, and was continually attacked for two or three days.

At the great battle of Atlanta on the 22d of July Wil-

Williamson was on the extreme right of the Army of the Tennessee. His division was commanded by General Charles R. Wood, and when General J. C. Brown's division of Stewart's Confederate corps broke through Morgan L. Smith's division of the Fifteenth Corps on the Augusta road, capturing DeGrasse's battery and threatening to cut our army in two, Colonel Williamson with his brigade, under the eye and orders of General Sherman, moved down the flank of Brown's division, while a brigade of the Sixteenth Army Corps under Colonel Mersey of the Ninth Illinois Infantry, which General Logan had come to me to obtain, moved on the direct front, and the two recaptured the line and retook the battery. Williamson says:

I left the Ninth Iowa in the works and sent the Fourth Iowa to the right to occupy a rebel battery which commanded the head of a ravine which led to our line in the only place where there were no entrenchments. The regiment had not more than formed before it was assaulted by a brigade of rebel infantry under Colonel Baker, and a very stubborn fight ensued. The regiment nobly held the position and finally repulsed the assault, inflicting great loss upon the rebels in killed, wounded and prisoners.

In this attack Lieutenant Colonel Nichols, who commanded the regiment, was wounded.

In writing of the battle of Ezra Church on the 28th of August, Williamson said:

General Logan, commanding the Fifteenth Army Corps, came to me on foot after the battle had opened, as it was impossible to come on horseback, and cautioned me, saying, from his knowledge of the way the enemy was moving, that I would have a hard time, and the success of the battle might depend upon what was done on my front. He said, "If you will say that you can and will hold this point, I shall feel comparatively safe as to the result." I answered him that I would do my best; that he knew my command and knew they were not much accustomed to giving way, and that we would hold that point as long as there was a man left. General Logan had feared the determined effort of the enemy that was made to break the line at that point was such as I had never witnessed during the whole war. They came in double lines, and kept coming. The nature of the ground, however, was very much in our favor, and it appeared that if our fire was too high for the front line it was sure to catch the next, or the next, and later, when I looked over the battle-field, it had the appearance

of a whole line of battle that had fallen with the front line only a few yards away from us. This was the most sickening sight I had ever witnessed. It looked more like a slaughter than a battle.

Governor Stone, of Iowa, visited the Army of the Tennessee on the day of this battle, and General Sherman in conversing with him, said: "Colonel Williamson is at the front with his brigade, pitching in, as he always does."

On September 1 Colonel Williamson was slightly wounded in the hand.

In the final swing of Sherman's army to the rear of Atlanta, Williamson's brigade took part in all the engagements. It won additional laurels at Lovejoy Station, when the Fourth Iowa, under the eye of the commander of the division, defeated the enemy and saved one of our batteries.

Williamson, in his report of the whole campaign, Chattanooga to Atlanta, says:

So closes the record of this memorable campaign. I could not make it more brief and do justice to the regiments of my brigade. The vast amount of labor done by this command, in addition to the marching and fighting, and the cheerfulness and zeal with which it has been performed, is sufficient to encourage the best hopes for the success of our army. The casualties of the brigade during the campaign had been 280.

General Charles R. Wood, commanding the division, commended Colonel Williamson for gallantry, especially on the 22d and 28th of July, also Colonel S. D. Nichols, commanding the Fourth Iowa Infantry.

Major General Logan, commanding the Fifteenth Corps, on September 13, in making his report, asked for the promotion of Colonel Williamson to the rank of brigadier general. When the campaign was over, General Sherman wrote the following characteristic letter;

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
IN THE FIELD, GAYLESVILLE, ALA., Oct. 24, 1864. }

General H. W. Halleck, Chief of Staff, etc.:

GENERAL: I have always designed to canvass the claims to promotion of all aspirants in the army, so as to save the president the invidious task of judging among so many worthy men, all of whom can only be known to him by the record. But events and movements have followed each other so rapidly that my army commanders have not been able to attend to the

matter, but have sent into my office the detached papers of each. These I enclose herewith, endorsed with my own individual opinion. I have not General Thomas' list, but will instruct him to send it direct from Nashville, where he now is. If necessary to promote to divisions and brigades the officers now exercising the rank of major general and brigadier general, it be necessary to create vacancies, I do think the exigencies of the country would warrant the mustering out of the same number of generals now on the list that have not done service in the past year.

Among the colonels aspiring to the rank of brigadier general I can only name Colonel J. A. Williamson, Fourth Iowa; Colonel Thomas J. Harrison, Eighth Indiana Cavalry, and Colonel R. H. G. Minty, of Second Michigan Cavalry, who have long and well commanded brigades, and who seem to have no especial friends to aid them in advancement.

W. T. SHERMAN, Major General.

After the battle at Lovejoy Station, Williamson's brigade returned to Atlanta, and took part from October 3 to 26 in the pursuit of Hood's army to the rear, and then returned again to Atlanta.

On December 19, 1864, Colonel Williamson was made brevet brigadier general for gallantry and good conduct in the campaigns against Vicksburg, Chattanooga and Atlanta.

In the march to the sea, Williamson's brigade became the Third of the First Division, Fifteenth Corps. They left Atlanta November 15, and took part in the fights at Griswoldsville on November 22, Ogeechee river December 7 and 9, and Savannah December 10 to 21.

After the capture of Savannah Colonel Williamson was appointed a brigadier general on January 13, 1865, and soon after left his command and returned to Iowa, by way of Washington and New York. Upon learning this I immediately applied to the war department for his assignment to my command, the Department of Missouri, but received word from the war department that his commission had not yet been signed, but was on the president's table. On March 14, 1865, he was appointed brevet major general, U. S. V. It was May 20 before his commissions and orders reached him, and early in June he reported to me at St. Louis, and I assigned him to the command of the District of Missouri, in which position he served until July, 1865, when I relieved

him from his command and ordered him to report to me in person for duty in the Indian campaigns. On this campaign he was assigned to duty on my staff, and accompanied me to Colorado, and north to Fort Laramie and the Powder river. While he was with me the order for his muster out was issued August 24, 1865, but he did not receive it until he returned to Fort Leavenworth; he was mustered out November 13, 1865.

The government awarded him a medal of honor for the following service: "Leading his regiment against a superior force strongly entrenched, and holding his ground when all support had been withdrawn." This was a suitable closing of his military career as a soldier in the civil war.

While he was in the army, the Iowa State Republican convention in 1864 elected Colonel Williamson chairman of its delegation to the National Republican convention, which met that year in Baltimore, but he was then engaged in the Atlanta campaign, and declined to leave the field. Four years later he served as chairman of the Iowa delegation at the national convention held in Chicago.

In 1866, after the close of the war, General Williamson returned to Des Moines and resumed his law practice. He removed that year to Fort Smith, Ark., and while residing there returned to Iowa soon after I was nominated for congress, and upon his own motion stumped my district with Governor Kirkwood. He wrote many letters to the comrades and his friends. My duties were such that I was obliged to be absent from the district. In a letter from Des Moines, dated September 28, 1866, he said:

I regret that I did not see you when I was out at your place. Kirkwood and I went the rounds and spoke at the places advertised for Kirkwood, and we found everything all right. You will be elected by a large majority, larger than any man ever had in the district.

In 1867 General Williamson was talked of and urged to become a candidate for governor, and his own county sent a full delegation in his favor.

He had been offered an appointment in the regular army, and on January 3, 1867, wrote me in relation to it as follows: "I could not accept a position in the regular army. My family is large, and are of the age to need me at home."

In 1863 General Williamson and myself were delegates to the Republican national convention.

In the fall of 1868 Williamson took charge of the land and lot agency of the Union Pacific Railroad west of Green River, and was with me until the completion of that road in 1869. He then became largely interested in western lands and mines, and went abroad in those interests. The panic of 1873 stopped for a time all negotiations in London, and he returned home.

In 1876 General Grant tendered him the position of commissioner of the general land office, which he accepted; he remained in that position until 1881. During this time he was chairman of the public land commission, created by act of congress May, 1879, to codify and review the laws for the disposal of public lands, and to examine and report upon the character of arable and arid lands, and the mining and timber lands. In this examination he rendered very valuable services to the government.

In 1881 he became land commissioner of the Atlantic & Pacific railroad, subsequently its general solicitor, and finally its president. Upon leaving this position in 1892, he retired from active life.

In 1891 he married his second wife, Miss Maria Hall, who survives him.

For seven years he has been a resident of New York city, spending his summers abroad, or at his summer home in Jamestown, Rhode Island. In 1900 it was my pleasure to accompany him to Carlsbad, Austria. We spent three delightful months together at this Spa and on the continent, and finally separated at Paris, where he remained and I returned home.

During his seven years residence in New York we were

frequently together at the club, and socially, and we spent many delightful days and evenings together, discussing old experiences and campaigns. It was then I learned what a devoted student and reader my old comrade was, and how much he had gathered up and stored away of what he had seen in his travels and from his extensive reading. He took great interest in all scientific works, especially in connection with the lives, character and habits of the ancients, and visited many of the places where these investigations were being made.

He was also in continuous communication with the old soldiers who served under him, aiding them with advice and financially. In his later years he attended yearly the meetings of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and his death will bring great sorrow to that army, as he took an active interest in all its doings and knew personally nearly every one of its members. He was also a regular attendant of the meetings of the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, LaFayette Post, G. A. R., and of the Union League club of New York. He was also a member of the Army and Navy club of Washington.

It was only within the last year that his health began to fail, and almost up to the day of his death he was planning for the future, but he lay down and went to sleep, quietly and peacefully, just as he wished to, and was laid at rest in Rock Creek cemetery, Washington, D. C. His pall-bearers were General G. M. Dodge, Hon. Frank W. Palmer, Hon. M. D. O'Connell, General Alfred E. Bates, U. S. A., Captain Charles Train, U. S. N., Mr. Colgate Hoyt, and Mr. C. M. Whittington. Representatives of the government, delegations from the different societies of which he was a member, and from the general land office, were present, and with many others remembered him with beautiful floral tributes.

General Williamson leaves a widow and four daughters by his first wife—Miss Haidee Williamson, Mrs. Warner B. Bayley, wife of Commander Bayley of the navy, Mrs. George

R. Stearns of Augusta, Ga., and Mrs. Roy Jones of Santa Monica, California.

General Williamson was of fine, commanding appearance and inspired confidence in all with whom he was associated. He was prompt in action, a gallant soldier, a genial and model citizen. The official reports show him to have been a faithful and efficient public officer, and the war records testify to the truth of the remarks made by General Grant, when he visited Des Moines and inquired particularly about General Williamson of "Ret" Clarkson; he spoke of him in the highest terms as an excellent soldier who had received less reward for his services and the work he accomplished than any other officer of his rank in the service.

His own State of Iowa has placed his medallion bust on its soldiers' monument in testimony of the honor he has brought her, and the credit he had done himself in the civil war, and every comrade who served under him will say with me, that he has answered the last roll call beloved and regretted by all his comrades, and by everyone who knew him.

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER, 1902.

THUS THE SOUTHERN boundary of our State is at last settled and no future uncertainty or difficulty will be experienced on account of it. The commissioners acted throughout with the utmost harmony and good feeling, and the line they have surveyed will, no doubt, be finally made by the proper authorities, the boundary of the two states forever.—*Western Democrat, Andrew, Iowa, October 9, 1850.*

THE RECENT RAINS have so raised the streams between this place and Galena, that the mail carrier has so far been unable to reach that city. We are consequently unable to lay before our readers our usual quantity of eastern news. The mails from the south bring us only an occasional paper, owing to the same cause. The Maquoketa and Wabsipinicon are almost impassable.—*The Western Democrat, May 28, 1851.*



MA-HAS-KA, OR WHITE CLOUD,
An Iowa chief, for whom one of our large and populous counties was named.

IOWA IN UNORGANIZED TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

AUGUST 10, 1821—JUNE 28, 1834.

BY REV. WILLIAM SALTER, D. D.

Upon the admission of the State of Missouri into the Union, the country north of that State, and the residue of the Louisiana Purchase north of 36° , $30'$, were left without law or government, except the prohibition of slavery and laws to regulate the Indian trade. Traders and army officers, however, as occasion served, still carried slaves into the territory.

The soil of Iowa continued in the occupancy of a few Indian tribes, who lived in villages on banks of rivers, and often fell foul of one another as they roamed over the prairies in hunting expeditions. There were about six thousand Sacs and Foxes with a thousand Ioways in eastern and central Iowa, one or two thousand Otoes, Pawnees and Omahas in western Iowa, and roving bands of Sioux in northern Iowa, numbering a thousand more; in all, about ten thousand souls. War was their native element, the ideal of savage life. A skulking band of Sacs under Pash-e-pa-ha and Black Hawk, in May, 1823, for some real or imagined wrong, surprised and nearly exterminated an Ioway village upon the Des Moines river at Iowaville, while the braves of the village were at their sports and games, without arms.

During this period the American Fur Company monopolized the Indian trade, and made exorbitant profits. Regardless of the laws prohibiting the introduction of intoxicating liquor into the Indian country, they smuggled it in under artful devices. Congress fostered the Santa Fe trade, and the rich fur trade of the upper Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, but made no provision for the prairie country between the Mississippi and the Missouri. President Monroe in his message, December, 1824, suggested the removal

to this region of the northern Indians who were east of the Mississippi, with schools for their industrial education, as had been recommended by the secretary of war, John C. Calhoun. President Jackson made a similar recommendation in his message to congress in 1829. Had these suggestions been carried out, what is now Iowa might have been for northern Indians what the Indian territory has been for the southern Indians. But the Indians who held this region scouted civilization and an industrial life; and the Winnebagoes and the Pottawattamies, who were removed into the region at the close of this period, profited little by their removal. The condition of children and old people among the Indians was extremely pitiable, as reported by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, William Clark, in 1826:

During several seasons in every year they are distressed by famine in which many die, and the living child is often buried with the dead mother. They have neither hogs nor cows, and do not want them, because they would eat up their little patches of corn which are without fences, and because, as the whole nation go out to hunt twice a year, they want nothing but horses and dogs which accompany them. In these expeditions the aged and infirm, when unable to keep up, are frequently left to die.

Had the different tribes lived at peace among themselves, and with the United States, they might have remained where they were. There was no disposition to acquire their lands at that time on the part of the United States. Such a disposition was expressly disclaimed by the agents of the Government, Lewis Cass and William Clark. Large tracts of land east of the Mississippi were still unsettled. There seemed no necessity, as there was no demand, for more land to be thrown open to the white people. At the same time the State of Missouri desired the removal of the Sac and Fox and Ioway Indians from the lands they held or claimed in that State. A deputation of the chiefs and head men of those tribes was taken to Washington, D. C., in 1824, and treaties were made with them for the cession of those lands to the United States. The famous Sac chiefs, Pash-e-pa-ha and Keokuk, the Fox chief, Tama, and the Ioway chief, Mahaska,



RANT-CHE-WAI-ME,

"The Female Flying Pigeon," wife of the Iowa Chief Ma-has-ka. She was one of the most beautiful Indian women of Iowa Territory, distinguished also for other high qualities.

were in the deputation. Flying Pigeon, Mahaska's wife, accompanied him. He had refused her request to go, but she followed him to St. Louis, and with tomahawk in hand claimed her right to keep him company. He yielded to her importunity. A woman of handsome presence and noble bearing, she was feted at the White House as an Iowa princess, and her portrait painted for the Indian Gallery. After the cession took effect, January 1, 1826, those tribes were confined to their lands in what is now Iowa, save that Black Hawk and his band, who were known as the Sacs of Rock river, remained east of the Mississippi. The treaty with the Sacs and Foxes also provided that "the small tract of land lying between the rivers Des Moines and Mississippi, and the section of the State boundary line between the Mississippi and the Des Moines, is intended for the use of the half-breeds belonging to those nations;" according to the sentiment in the Indian mind that care and protection were due to any who inherited their blood.

In those years the Sacs and Foxes kept up their hereditary war with the Sioux. In order to promote peace and establish boundaries between them, as well as between all the tribes from the Lakes to the Missouri river, invitations were sent out to the chiefs and head men of those tribes to assemble at Prairie du Chien in the summer of 1825, and in a spirit of mutual conciliation accomplish those objects. It was a great assemblage. Eva Emery Dye describes it in "The Conquest—the True Story of Lewis and Clark," with graphic pen:

Prairie du Chien was alive with excitement. The village and both banks of the river above and below were covered with high-pointed buffalo tents. Horses browsed upon the bluffs in Arabian abandon. Below, tall and warlike Chippewas from Superior and the valley of the St. Croix, and Winnebagoes from Fox river and the Rock river, jostled Menomonees, Pottawattamies and Ottawas, from Lake Michigan and Green Bay.

Agent Taliaferro from the Falls of St. Anthony made the grand entry with the Sioux, four hundred strong, drums beating, flags flying.

Over from Sault St. Marie the learned Schoolcraft had brought one hundred and fifty Chippewas.

Keokuk, the Watchful Fox, with his Sacs and Foxes, was the last to arrive. They had camped on an island below to paint and dress, and came up the river in full war costume, singing their battle-song. It was a thrilling sight when they came with spears and battle-lances, casting bitter glances at their ancient foe, the Sioux. Nearly nude, with leather war-flags flying, and beating tambourines, the Sacs landed in compact ranks, breathing defiance. From his youth Keokuk had fought the Sioux; bold, martial, frowning, he shook his war lance at them.

At the signal of a gun, every day at ten o'clock, the chiefs assembled.

"Children," said Governor Clark, "your great Father, the President, has sent us here not to ask anything from you, not the smallest piece of your land. We have come for your good. Your great Father has been informed that war is carried on among his red children,—the Sacs, Foxes, Ioways, on the one side, the Sioux on the other; and that the wars began before any of you were born.

"Heigh! Heigh!" broke forth the silent smokers.

"Heigh! Heigh!" exclaimed the warriors.

"Heigh! Heigh!" echoed the vast assembly.

"Your Father thinks there is no cause for you to continue at war. There is land enough for you to live and hunt on, and animals enough. Why not peacefully follow the game, and provide for your families? Why do you send out war parties to destroy each other? The Great Spirit made you all of one color, and placed you upon the land. You ought to live in peace as brothers of one family. Your great Father has heard of your war-songs and war-parties. They do not please him. He wants his red children to bury the tomahawk.

"Children, your wars have come from your having no boundaries. You do not know what lands belong to you, and your people follow the game into lands claimed by other tribes."

"Heigh! Heigh! Heigh!" shouted all the Indians.

Governor Lewis Cass, of Michigan Territory, spoke:

"Children, your great Father does not want your land. He wants to establish boundaries and peace among you. Children, you are hungry. We will adjourn for two hours."

"Heigh! Heigh! Heigh!" rolled the chorus of a thousand voices.

As to an army, rations were distributed; beef, bread, corn, salt, sugar, tobacco. Each ate, ate, ate,—till not a scrap was left to feed a humming-bird.

Wabashaw, Red Wing, and Little Crow were the great Sioux chiefs, as their fathers of the same name had been before them. "Boundaries!" they said; "we know not the word." The idea was foreign to an Indian mind. "We are all one people. I claim no lands in particular," said Mahaska, the Ioway chief, whose bands from the discovery of the country had sped their canoes from river to river over the whole region from Lake Michigan to the Missouri, and from the St. Peter's to St. Louis. "I never heard that any one had an exclusive right to land," said another chief. "I have a tract of country where I was born, and now live," said Red Bird, the

Winnebago, dressed in white deerskin and scarlet, and glovefitting moccasins, the dandy of his tribe, "but the Foxes claim it, and the Sacs, and the Ottawas. We use it in common."

Chiefs sat on the ground, and marked off on the earth the rivers that bounded the lands they claimed, and maps were drawn on birch bark, outlining the hunting grounds of the different tribes. The lines crossed and recrossed each other.

"Here are the causes of your wars," said the United States Commissioners. "It is better for you to give up your disputes, and agree among yourselves upon a limitation of your boundaries."

After much discussion, and fierce and fiery talks at one another, the different tribes agreed to listen to the Commissioners, to adjust their boundaries, and make a firm and perpetual peace with one another and with the United States.

To speak only of what relates to this history,—the Upper Iowa river from its mouth to the source of its left fork, thence crossing the Red Cedar in a direct line to the upper fork of the Des Moines, thence in a direct line to the lower fork of the Big Sioux river, and down that river to the Missouri, was made the boundary line between the Sioux and the Sacs and Foxes. The claim of the Ioways to a portion of the country with the Sacs and Foxes was acknowledged, also the claim of the Otoes to a portion of the country on the Missouri river. The Sacs and Foxes relinquished all claim to land east of the Mississippi, and acknowledged the reservation made for the half-breeds in 1824. It was further understood that no tribe should hunt in the limits of another without its assent, and that in case of difficulties all the tribes should interpose their good offices to remove them.

Of the one hundred and thirty-four chiefs who signed this treaty, twenty-six were Sioux, twelve were Sacs, sixteen were Foxes, and ten were Ioways. President John Quincy Adams in his first annual message, December 6, 1825, referred to this treaty as "an adjustment of boundaries, and pledges of permanent peace between tribes which had been long waging bloody wars against each other."

The Indians, however, could not keep their agreement. They had no sense of treaty obligations. "To touch the goose-quill" meant nothing. The slightest provocation, an

imaginary affront, called for the scalp of their enemies. They were soon at war again. The Sioux still came down on their old enemies.

"In May, 1830," says an eye-witness, "I visited Prairie du Chien, and was a guest of Joseph Rolette, agent of the American Fur Company. One evening we were startled by the reports of firearms on the Mississippi, succeeded by sounds of Indian drums and savage yells. About midnight we were aroused by footsteps on the piazza and by knocking on the doors and shutters. Mr. Rolette went out to ascertain the cause, and was informed that a bloody battle had been fought, and the visitors were the victors, and called up their trader to obtain spirit-water for a celebration. Their wants were supplied. The warriors kept up a horrible pow-wow through the night with savage yells. In the morning we heard the particulars of the fight, and during the day witnessed a most revolting exhibition.

"On the day before the battle, some twenty Sioux joined by a few Menomonees encamped on an island opposite Prairie du Chien. The Sioux had information that a party from the Fox village at Dubuque were to visit Prairie du Chien, and would encamp for the night near the mouth of the Wisconsin river. That afternoon the Sioux party descended the Mississippi and hid in thick bushes near where their victims would encamp. Between sunset and dark, the unsuspecting Foxes,—one old chief, one squaw, a boy of fourteen years, and fifteen warriors,—came up and disembarked. After they had landed, and were carrying their effects on shore, leaving their guns and war-clubs in the canoes, the party in ambush sprang to their feet and fired upon the Foxes. All were slain, except the boy who escaped down the river. Hands, feet, ears, and scalps were cut off, and the heart of the chief cut from his breast, as trophies.

"The next day the victors accompanied by a few squaws paraded the streets with drum and rattle, displaying on poles the scalps and dismembered fragments of their victims. The whole party was painted in various colors, wore feathers, and carried their tomahawks, war-clubs, and scalping knives. Stopping in front of the principal houses in the village, they danced the war-dance and the scalp-dance with their characteristic yells. The mangled limbs were still fresh and bleeding; one old squaw carried on a pole the hand with a strip of skin from the arm of a murdered man, she keeping up the death-song, and joining in the scalp-dance. After this exhibition, which lasted two or three hours, the warriors went to a small mound, about two hundred yards from Mr. Rolette's residence, made a fire, roasted the heart of the old chief, and divided it into small pieces among the warriors who devoured it.

"This occurred in a town of six hundred inhabitants, under the walls of the United States garrison, within musket shot of the fort. Neither civil nor military authority made any effort to prevent it. In the afternoon the Sioux embarked in their canoes to return to their village."*

*Wis. Hist. Coll., ix, 324-6.

Not long afterwards a war party was formed in the Fox village to avenge the murder. Wailings and lamentations for the dead gave way to savage yells. With blackened faces, chanting the death-song, the party entered their canoes. Arriving at the bluffs opposite Prairie du Chien they discovered a Menomonee encampment spread out on the ground, nearly under the guns of Fort Crawford. The Foxes lay in ambush till midnight, when girded with tomahawk and scalping knife they swam the river and stole upon the foe. In the first lodge an old chief sat by a smouldering fire, smoking his pipe in sleepy silence. They dispatched him without making a disturbance, and pursued their bloody work from lodge to lodge until the whole encampment with the women and children met the same fate. Then with a yell of satisfaction and revenge they took to the canoes of their victims, bearing aloft the trophies of victory. Upon reaching their village, they held their orgies and danced the scalp-dance. But fearing a swift retaliation, they concluded to abandon their village, and seek a safer place among other bands of their tribe, and near the Sacs. They settled where the city of Davenport now stands. Eye-witnesses reported seeing them as they came down past Rock Island, their canoes lashed side by side, the heads and scalps of their enemies set upon poles. They landed with shouts of triumph, singing war-songs, displaying the scalps and ghastly faces of the slain. The new village was called Morgan, after their chief, a half-breed of Scotch and Fox blood.*

Soon after the Foxes had deserted their village at Dubuque, adventurers from Galena, Illinois, went over there to explore the mines and make claims. Lucius H. Langworthy says:

We crossed the Mississippi (June, 1830,) swimming our horses by the side of a canoe. A large village was at the mouth of Catfish creek, solitary, deserted. About seventy buildings constructed with poles and bark remained. The council-house contained furnaces in which kettles had

*Annals of Iowa, 1863, pp. 35-6.

been placed to prepare feasts; but the fires had gone out. On the inner surface of the bark were paintings, done with considerable skill, representing the buffalo, elk, bear, and other animals, also wild sports on the prairie, and feats of warriors in bloody fray,—a rude record of national history. Could the place have been preserved, it would have been an interesting relic, but it was burned down by vandal hands in the summer.

While the adventurers were mining, and working some valuable lodes, Captain Zachary Taylor, U. S. A., came down from Fort Crawford and ordered them off, as the country belonged to the Indians. The miners demurred. They said: "The country is vacant and we will stay." The captain replied, "We will see about that." Returning to Prairie du Chien, he sent down a detachment of troops to remove the intruders, and they left. Whereupon some of the Foxes, finding that they would be protected by U. S. troops, returned to their village, and made a large profit from the mines which the men from Galena had opened.

Some years earlier, several bands of the Sacs and Foxes, pursuant to the treaty of 1804, had removed from the east side of the Mississippi to the west side. Keokuk, Wapello, and Poweshiek had planted villages upon or near the Iowa river. Tama had moved from Henderson creek, Illinois, to Flint creek, nearly opposite. But Black Hawk, though requested by U. S. agents, refused to leave. He said, "My reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away." In 1829 and 1830 President Jackson ordered the removal of the Indians from the lands ceded in 1804. The United States had surveyed and sold most of those lands. Part of them were "bounty lands" to soldiers of the war of 1812. Purchasers claimed possession. Altercations and disputes arose between Black Hawk's band and the settlers. There were misunderstandings and depredations on both sides.

The Sacs and Foxes and the Sioux continuing at war with each other, a council of their chiefs was convened at Prairie du Chien, July, 1830, at which it was agreed to erect a barrier between them in order to keep them apart. The Sioux

ceded to the United States a tract twenty miles wide north of and adjoining the boundary line between them and the Sacs and Foxes fixed in 1825, and the Sacs and Foxes ceded to the United States a similar tract twenty miles wide south of that line. These were called "neutral grounds." Its southern boundary on the Mississippi was indicated by a "Painted Rock," marked with figures of wild animals and hieroglyphics, to serve as a notice to all parties.

At the same council, by the same treaty, the Sacs and Foxes, Ioways, Missouriias, Omahas, Otoes, and bands of Sioux, joined in ceding to the United States all their right and title to what is now western Iowa, that is, west of "the high lands between the waters falling into the Missouri and Des Moines rivers and of the dividing ridge between the forks of Grand river to the source of Boyer river, and thence in a direct line to the upper fork of the Des Moines." Thus the Indian title to western Iowa was extinguished, and these "high lands" and this "dividing ridge" were acknowledged as the western boundary of the lands of the Sacs and Foxes and Ioways.

In 1831, General Gaines, with U. S. troops, and Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, with a force of militia, came to Rock Island, and demanded of Black Hawk that he remove west of the Mississippi. Black Hawk was sullen and spiteful. The interpreter said to him, "Your father asks you to take a seat." "My father!" replied the petulant chief, repeating what Tecumseh said twenty years before to General Harrison, "The sun is my father; the earth is my mother; I will rest upon her bosom." At this crisis Keokuk made an effort to conciliate Black Hawk. He advised him to take a reasonable view of the situation, and persuaded him once more to "touch the goose-quill." Says the U. S. army officer, who drew up Black Hawk's engagement to remove:

There were in attendance about fifty chiefs and warriors. All being seated in due form, I read the treaty, sentence by sentence, interpreted by Antoine LeClaire. I called up Black Hawk to affix his sign manual to the

paper. He arose slowly and with dignity, while in the expression of his fine face there was a deep-seated grief and humiliation that no one could witness unmoved. When he reached the table, I handed him a pen, and pointed to the place where he was to affix his mark. He took the pen, made a large bold cross with force; then returning it politely, he resumed his seat. It was an imposing ceremony; scarcely a breath was drawn by any one. Thus ended the scene, one of the most impressive of the kind I ever looked upon.*

General Gaines made a present to Black Hawk and his band of a large quantity of corn for their subsistence, and of five thousand dollars' worth of goods, and they immediately removed to the west side of the Mississippi, under promise not to return to the east side without permission from the Governor of Illinois or the President of the United States.

Black Hawk might well have been content on the west side of the Mississippi, and planted his villages and corn-fields in some of the rich valleys of Iowa, as other chiefs had done. The country his people still held was of vast extent. All the Sacs and Foxes with the Ioways numbered but a few thousand souls. They had the protection of the United States in the possession of about two hundred miles square of land as fair as any beneath the sun. Had Black Hawk staid upon these lands, he would not have been disturbed for the rest of his life. But insensible to these considerations, he nursed his grief and his vexation. Reckless of promises, confident of aid and support from other tribes, and even from his British father, he laid his plans to return to Rock river. Keokuk opposed them, and said to his people:

Braves! I am your chief, to rule you as a father at home, and lead you in war, if you are determined to go; but in this war there is only one course. The United States is a great power; and unless we conquer, we must perish. I will lead you on one condition only, that we put our old men and the women and children to death, and resolve when we cross the Mississippi never to return, but perish among the graves of our fathers.

The majority listened to Keokuk and heeded his warnings; but others, the young braves especially, were eager to go on the war-path, and rallied to Black Hawk. It was

*Letters from the Frontiers, by George A. McCall, p. 241.

while U. S. troops were on their way up the Mississippi to enforce a demand for the punishment of the Foxes who had murdered the Menomonees, that Black Hawk with several hundred warriors on horseback, and a retinue of followers, crossed the Mississippi at the Yellow Banks (Oquawka), on the 6th of April, 1832, to the terror of the settlers upon the Illinois frontier. His forces were recruited by some Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies. He raised the British flag. The whole number of Indian warriors was variously estimated at from six to eight hundred. The Black Hawk war was carried on in Illinois and in Wisconsin (then a part of Michigan territory), and belongs to the history of those states. Conspicuous for his valor and energetic services in defeating Black Hawk was Henry Dodge. His bravery and daring at the battles of Pecatonica, Wisconsin Heights, and Bad Axe, led his compatriots to name him "Captain of aggressive civilization. Hero of the Black Hawk war." By his influence over some Winnebago chiefs he secured the capture of Black Hawk, when in flight to Canada.*

As some of the Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies abetted the war, those tribes shared in the disastrous consequences which fell to Black Hawk. The people on the frontier called for their removal. Black Hawk went to war in order to keep the white man out of the country; the result of the war was to bring the white man in. It hastened the settlement of northern Illinois and of Wisconsin. The founding of the states of Wisconsin and Iowa, and of the city of Chicago, would have been delayed indefinitely but for this war. Thirty-five years afterward, it was said at the annual meeting of the Historical Society of Wisconsin:

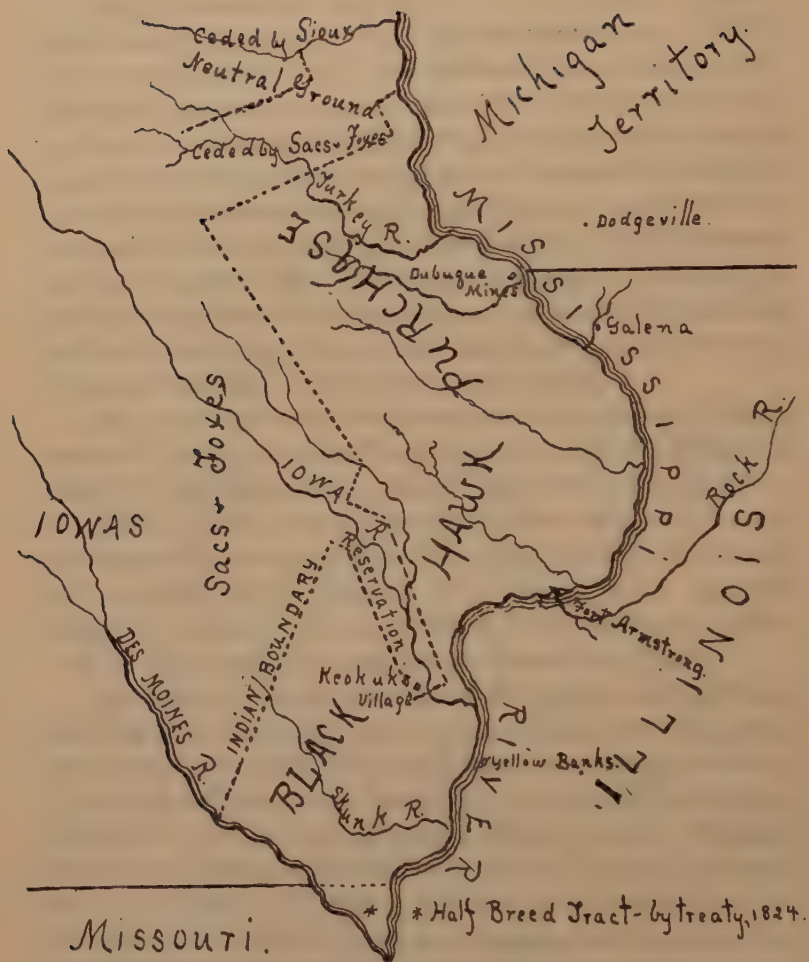
Those border wars may seem trivial, but when we consider Wisconsin as it then was, with roving bands of Indians the terror of the few whites, it will be seen that the settlement of the country depended upon the battle fields of the Black Hawk war; instead of being uninteresting spots, they are the birthplace of our State.

*A sketch of the services of Henry Dodge in the Black Hawk war is in the Iowa Historical Record, vi. 391-423.

The Winnebagoes were convened in a council of their chiefs and head men at Rock Island, September 15, 1832, when they ceded to the United States all their lands in Illinois and Wisconsin, and the United States in exchange ceded to them the "Neutral Ground," described above, and agreed to pay them annually for twenty-seven consecutive years the sum of ten thousand dollars, to establish a school for their children voluntarily sent to it, and to make other provisions for their benefit. The Winnebagoes engaged to deliver up certain individuals who were accused of murdering citizens of the United States in the late war, and to remove to the "Neutral Ground" on or before June 1, 1833.

The removal of the Pottawattamies was arranged later, under a treaty made at Chicago, September 26, 1833, by which five million acres in western Iowa were assigned them. The United States met the expense of their removal, of their subsistence for one year after their arrival at their new home, and provided for the payment of more than eight hundred thousand dollars, to be expended for the erection of mills, and for other useful objects, and in annuities to them.

Soon after the capture of Black Hawk, the principal Sacs and Foxes who had not joined him, Keokuk, Pa-she-pa-ha, and seven other Sacs, Wapello, Tama, Poweshiek, and twenty-one other Foxes, were summoned to a council with Commissioners of the United States, Major General Winfield Scott, and Governor Reynolds, of Illinois. They met September 21, 1832. In opening the council, General Scott reproached the Indians in stern language that they had not restrained Black Hawk from going to war; and the Commissioners demanded as indemnity for the millions the war had cost the United States, and to secure the future safety of the invaded frontier, that they cede to the United States "a portion of their superfluous territory," bordering on that frontier. The Indians assented, and ceded to the United States a strip of territory lying along the Mississippi from the northern boundary of the State of Mis-



THE BLACK HAWK PURCHASE.

by treaty of Sept. 21st 1832.

Carrie B. Naitn.

souri to the "Neutral Ground," part of it extending fifty miles west, part of it forty miles. A reservation for the Indians in this cession was made of four hundred square miles, on both sides of the Iowa river, and embracing the villages of Keokuk and Wapello. In consideration of the extent of the cession, the United States agreed to pay annually to the Sacs and Foxes for thirty years the sum of twenty thousand dollars. It was further agreed that the United States should hold Black Hawk, his two sons, and eight other warriors as hostages for the future good conduct of the late hostile bands. They were then in confinement at Jefferson Barracks. Washington Irving was in St. Louis at the time, and went to see them. He wrote, September 16, 1832:

The redoubtable Black Hawk, who makes such a figure in our newspapers, is old, emaciated, and enfeebled. He has a small, well-formed head, an aquiline nose, a good expression of eye. His brother-in-law, the prophet, a strong, stout man, much younger, is considered the most culpable agent in fomenting the late disturbance; though I find it difficult, even when so near the scene of action, to get at the right story of these feuds.

After the treaty was concluded, General Scott invested Keokuk, the other chiefs consenting, with the rank and gold medal of head chief, and gave them all a grand dinner. When night came on, batteries of rockets and fire-balls from mortars emblazoned the sky, amid savage shouts of astonishment and delight. Keokuk joined in presenting a pantomime of Indians on the war-path, surprising and capturing an enemy. A war-dance followed; in the carouse young army officers made merry with the braves, dancing together. The ground on which the treaty was made was upon the west bank of the Mississippi, the site of the city of Davenport. At the close of the festive scenes the Indians dispersed cheerful and contented. The ceded lands were called for a time "Scott's Purchase," but later "The Black Hawk Purchase," from the war which bore his name. The Indians agreed to remove from them on or before June 1, 1833. The name of Scott is retained in that of the county which holds the ground where the treaty was made. The Indians

left the "Purchase," as they agreed, for their lands further west, except that those who occupied the "Reservation" remained upon it.

The United States troops who were protecting the Foxes at the Dubuque mines were sent against Black Hawk when the war broke out; at the same time the Foxes went and joined Black Hawk. In the desertion of their village, miners from the east side of the Mississippi again crossed over, and resumed operations at Dubuque, but were ordered off later by military authority; as were adventurers who made claims at Flint Hills (Burlington), Fort Madison and other points; the country belonging to the Indians until the day agreed upon for their removal.

Black Hawk and the other hostages were confined at Jefferson Barracks until April, 1833, when they were sent to Fortress Monroe. At Washington the President, Andrew Jackson, received them in a kind spirit. He told them that the time of their detention would depend upon the conduct of their people, and it was ascertained that their bad feelings were banished, and that they were to remain in Fortress Monroe until he gave them permission to return to their homes.

Black Hawk made his explanation as to the cause of the war, and said that his people were exposed to attacks by the Sioux and Menomonees, and he wanted to return to take care of them.

The President replied that he was apprised of the circumstances of the war, and it was unnecessary to look back to them. It was his purpose to secure the observance of peace, and prevent the frontiers from being again stained with blood. They need feel no uneasiness about the Sioux and Menomonees. He meant to compel the red men to be at peace with each other, as well as with their white neighbors. He had taken measures with this view, and when it was ascertained that they were effectual,—when the tribes learned that the power they attempted to contend with was equally

able and disposed to protect the peaceful, and to punish the guilty, and when assured that Black Hawk's people in particular were convinced of this, and were disposed to observe the terms of peace granted to them, then they would be restored to their families.

The President then gave his hands to the chiefs and dismissed them.

The next month Keokuk asked for the release of the prisoners, and pledged himself for their good behavior, and the Government arranged to send them home. Upon their homeward route they had another interview with the President, at Baltimore. He said to them:

My children, when I saw you in Washington, I told you that you had behaved very badly in raising the tomahawk, and in killing men, women, and children upon the frontier. Your conduct compelled me to send my warriors against you; your people were defeated, and your men surrendered. to be kept until I should be satisfied that you would not try to do any more injury. I told you I should inquire whether your people wished you should return, and whether if you did return, there would be any danger to the frontier. General Clark and General Atkinson have informed me that Keokuk, your principal chief, has asked me to send you back, and the rest of your people are anxious you should return. Your chiefs have pledged themselves for your good conduct, and I have given directions that you be taken to your own country. You will be taken through some of our towns. You will see the strength of the white people. You will see that our young men are as numerous as the leaves in the woods. What can you do against us? You may kill a few women and children, but such a force would soon be sent against you as would destroy your whole tribe. Let the red men hunt, and take care of their families; but I hope they will not again raise their hands against their white brethren. We do not wish to injure you. We desire your prosperity and improvement. But if you again plunge your knives into the breasts of our people, I shall send a force which will severely punish you. When you go back, listen to the counsels of Keokuk and the other friendly chiefs. Bury the tomahawk, and live in peace with the frontiers. And I pray the Great Spirit to give you a smooth path and a clear sky to return.

Black Hawk answered:

My Father: My ears are open to your words. I am glad to hear them. I am glad to go back to my people. I want to see my family. I did not behave well last summer. I ought not to have taken up the tomahawk. My people have suffered a great deal. When I get back I will remember your words. I will not go to war again. I will live in peace. I shall hold you by the hand.

The party were taken under the conduct of Major Garland, of the U. S. army, through the cities of New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit, by way of Green Bay and the Wisconsin river, to Rock Island, where a large company of chiefs and braves assembled to welcome them. Keokuk said:

The Great Spirit has been kind to them. He had listened to their prayers. They ought to be thankful. They had petitioned their great father to return Black Hawk and the other prisoners, and he has now sent them home to enjoy their liberty. The Great Spirit has changed the heart of the old chief; has given him a good one. Let the past be buried deep in the earth. Whilst his heart was wrong, he had done many bad things, but now after having traveled through many of the big towns he could see the folly of his past course, and would know how to govern himself in future.

Keokuk then advanced with dignity, his arms folded, to Black Hawk, shook hands with him, and sat down. The other chiefs followed, each taking Black Hawk by the hand, not saying a word till Keokuk broke the silence; then all joined in congratulations. No censure was cast upon the old chief. It was humiliation enough that he was now without honor and power, and indebted for obtaining his liberty to Keokuk, whom he had called a coward for not going to war. Major Garland expressed his pleasure at finding so much good feeling for Black Hawk, and his confidence that all would now live in peace. He reminded Black Hawk that Keokuk was at the head of the nation, that his counsels should be heeded, and that by the terms of the late treaty no band was to exist "under any chief of the late hostile bands." Hereupon Black Hawk rose in violent agitation. He said: "I am an old man. I will not obey the counsels of any one. No one shall govern me." Keokuk at once turned to Black Hawk to allay his indignation, and asked that what he had said might not be remembered, that Black Hawk was too old to say anything good, and that he (Keokuk) was answerable for his good behavior. Black Hawk then recalled his words, and asked to have a black line drawn

over them. Finally the pipe of peace was passed for all to take a whiff, and in return Major Garland served a glass of champagne. The ceremonies closed with a dance, in which Black Hawk's party did not join, but they retired sullen and dejected.

In the spring following (1834), the Stockbridge Indians, living near Green Bay, descendants of those in Massachusetts to whom Jonathan Edwards was a missionary (1751-7), were moved to send a deputation of their number to the Sacs and Foxes, to persuade them to give up their savage life, have schools, and adopt the ways of civilization. The Rev. Cutting Marsh, a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, accompanied the deputation. He reported as follows:

Keokuk's, the principal village of the Sacs, is situated on the eastern bank of the Iowa river, about twelve miles from its mouth. It contains between forty and fifty lodges, some are forty or fifty feet in length, constructed of bark. The village is at the northern extremity of a delightful prairie extending south and west. There were probably four hundred souls in it.

Upon entering the village, which is formed without any order, my attention was attracted by Black Hawk's lodge. This was enclosed by a neat fence of poles, embracing four or five rods in a circular form. A little gate led into it; around the inside melon vines had been planted. The lodge was constructed of peeled bark. It was perfectly tight, except a hole at the top for the smoke to pass out. At the sides, places were built all around, about three feet from the ground, and mats spread over on which they sat and slept. It was furnished with some dining chairs, which I saw at no other lodge in the nation. I was received politely by the children of Black Hawk, himself and wife being absent. I never before witnessed such a specimen of neatness and good order in any Indian lodge. Although Black Hawk is not permitted to hold any office, it is questionable whether he is not as much respected as the haughty Keokuk who now holds the reins of government.

Winding my way to Keokuk's lodge, which was about fifty feet long, I found him sitting with prince-like dignity in one corner, surrounded by his young men, and wives not less than five. He appeared distant and not disposed to converse, but treated me with politeness and hospitality, and ordered his young men to put out the horses, and supper to be prepared. I found him unwilling to listen to any suggestions respecting the object of my visit, as was the other chief, Pash-e-pa-ha, the Stabber. There was the same unwillingness to hear anything respecting religion, and all made light of it when mentioned in the presence of the latter chief.

Wapello's village is about ten miles above Keokuk's, is considered to contain thirty lodges. He is a notorious drunkard, and his band follows the example of their chief. At this village I learned that a man murdered his wife a few days before, and then cut off her nose and ears. The Indians are jealous of their wives, and if at such times an Indian cuts off the nose or ears of his wife, no notice is taken of it.

Powesheik's village is upon the Red Cedar, a branch of the Iowa, about ten miles from its mouth. Powesheik is second chief among the Foxes. The village contains about forty lodges and four hundred souls, as Powesheik informed me. He sent one of his young men to inform me I could stay at his lodge, and assigned me a place in it. He is about forty years of age, savage in appearance, and very much debased, as well as all his band. Still he was more willing to converse than either of the chiefs before mentioned. I inquired about the instruction of his young men. He replied that he would like to have two or three educated for interpreters, but he did not want schools, for he wished to have his young men warriors. I inquired if he should not like his young men to make farms. He answered they could work with a hoe, and did not want a plough; they chose rather to hunt for a living than cultivate the ground. He said, "The Great Spirit made us to fight and kill one another when we are a mind to." I showed some young men specimens of Ojibwa writing, and asked if they would not like to have some one come and teach them. They answered, "We do not want to learn; we want to kill Sioux."

Appanoose's village, called Au-tum-way-e-nauk (Perseverance Town), is situated upon the south side of the Des Moines, about one hundred and twenty-five miles from its mouth. This is the most eligible place I met with amongst the Sacs and Foxes for a missionary establishment. It is at a greater distance from the white settlements. The Des Moines, which the Indians call Ke-o-shaw-quah, is a rapid and beautiful river, remarkable for uniformity in width, being generally about forty rods wide. In its banks and bluffs coal is found in abundance. The fine, rolling prairies, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass and flowers of every hue, present a powerful inducement to search for treasures hid in their bosom. This whole region seems to have been formed by nature for agriculture, and I have little doubt will be covered with flocks and herds before another generation shall pass away. But what will become of the Indians?

Besides the villages enumerated there are a number of others consisting of three or four or half a dozen lodges, some of which I visited.

The Sacs and Foxes are strongly attached to their superstitions; I have seen no Indians so much so, and they guard with jealous care against any change. Their great object is war and hunting, so as to rank among the braves, wear the polecat's tail upon the calves of the legs, and the shau-no-e-hun (small bells), and strike the post in the war-dance, and tell the number they have killed in battle. To this there are some exceptions. One of the most striking is Appanoose. He is young and aspiring, and possesses more independence of mind than any of the rest of the chiefs. He expressed a desire to have something done for the improvement of his people. This

was a great desideratum with his father, Tama, who was a much respected chief. He is anxious himself to receive instruction. He is one of the most kind and gentlemanly Indians I ever met. But he is a drunkard, and my not succeeding to gain his consent to have a school established at his village I attribute to a drunken frolic at the time appointed to bring the matter before him. After he became sober he seemed far less inclined to do anything on the subject than before.

Keokuk in years past manifested a desire to have one of his sons educated, but his mind has been changed. He is altogether under the influence of the traders of the American Fur Company, who are exceedingly hostile to missionary operations. At a council, Colonel William Davenport, commanding officer at Fort Armstrong, strongly urged upon the chiefs to have missionaries. They replied, "We do not want missionaries."

The Sacs and Foxes are in perpetual warfare with the Sioux. Their hunting ground joins on the northwest, and there are mutual complaints of encroachment, which is one great cause of hostility. The Sacs and Foxes are more warlike, and more than a match when equal numbers meet in battle, but the Sioux are the most numerous by far, so that they live in constant fear of each other.*

Previous to the Black Hawk war a few white persons had located themselves on the tract "intended for the use of the half-breeds belonging to the Sac and Fox nations." Among those persons was Samuel C. Muir, an army surgeon, who had lived with a squaw, and who, when such an alliance was forbidden by the Government and required to be terminated, chose to retain it, and left the Government service. He was a native of Scotland, educated at Edinburg, and said, "God forbid that a son of Caledonia should desert his child, or disown his clan." He built the first house at Puck-a-she-tuk (foot of the rapids), where the city of Keokuk stands. The American Fur Company had a trading post here, and built a row of log houses ("rat row") for their business, Russell Farnham, manager. At the head of the rapids (Ah-wi-pe-tuk), a small settlement of white people built a log house in which Berryman Jennings taught a school in the winter of 1830-31, the first in Iowa.

Some of the half-breeds were traders, interpreters, and employes of the American Fur Company. Among such was Maurice Blondeau, who had a trading house at Flint Hills,

* Wis. Hist. Coll., xv, 104.

and died and was buried there in 1829; his name is preserved in that of one of the streets in Keokuk. But most of the half-breeds retained the habits of Indian life. In June, 1834, Congress relinquished the reversionary right of the United States in the tract to those who were entitled to the same under the laws of the State of Missouri, with power to sell their several portions. Questions then arose as to who and how many were the half-breeds, and as to the extent of the tract. Many of the half-breeds had scattered and vanished. There were fraudulent claimants. The questions became entangled and confused. They led to bitter disputes for years, and were not settled without many law suits and long litigation in the courts.

On the first day of June, 1833, the U. S. troops, who up to that time had guarded the Purchase against the incursion of the white people, were withdrawn, and the pioneers of the frontier entered in to make claims and settlements. A transformation of the wilderness commenced. There were some instances of strife and contention among the adventurers for town-sites, mill-sites, belts of timber, and the best lands, but good feeling generally prevailed, and rules and regulations as to claims were agreed upon in the interest of fair dealing and mutual protection. In the absence of established government, people took law and justice into their own hands, and dealt summarily with crime. An instance occurred at Dubuque in the trial and execution of Patrick O'Conner for the murder of George O'Keaf. Appeals were made in vain to the governor of Missouri, and to the judge of the western district of Michigan Territory; they disclaimed jurisdiction. A citizen's court conducted the trial with deliberation and solemnity. A jury was empanelled. All judicial forms were observed. The murder was committed on the 19th of May, 1834, and the execution took place on the 20th of the following month.

After having been without an established government for a year and one month, Congress interposed and attached the

territory north of the State of Missouri and between the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers to the Territory of Michigan for temporary government, and gave the inhabitants the same privileges and immunities, and subjected them to the same laws as other citizens of Michigan Territory.

CHANGE IN THE NAME OF OUR TOWN.—We are gratified to be able this week to say to our readers that the name of this town (Bloomington) is changed. Henceforth it is to be called Muscatine. We are aware that it will take some time to familiarize every one with the new name—but we think one year will suffice to obliterate the name of Bloomington as associated with our town from the mind of almost every one. The truth is, the town should never have been called by the name of Bloomington. There is a Bloomington in seven or eight of the states, we are confident, and in how many more we know not. Our citizens have been continually perplexed and disappointed at not receiving their letters and papers from abroad at the time they ought to reach here by due course of mail, and many important letters and documents have been given up for lost—when, lo! they would arrive here—marked “Missent and forwarded.” Sometimes they would be forwarded from Bloomington, Indiana; sometimes from a town of the same name in Illinois—from the Bloomfields, the Burlingtons, the Bloomingdales, Bloomingtons, and every other town in the United States that was in “Bloom.” This great source of difficulty is now, we trust, removed. Muscatine is an Indian name—there is nothing else like it that we know of in any other state. It is euphonious, easily remembered, easily spelt, and very appropriate. It is the name of our county, and we predict that Muscatine, Iowa, will yet make a figure in the world.—*Muscatine Journal*, June 9, 1849.

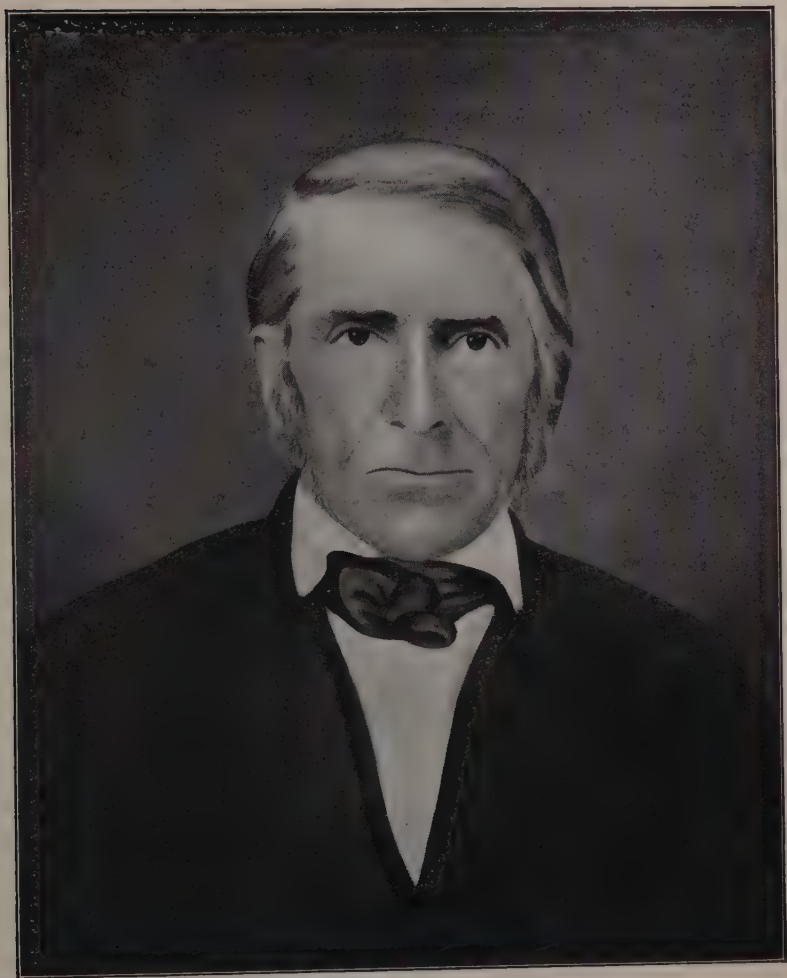
AN IOWA SETTLER'S HOMESTEAD.

BY GEORGE C. DUFFIELD.

James Duffield, his wife, Margaret, and their children, Maria, John, George Crawford (the writer), James, William, Joseph, Joshua Harrison, and Elizabeth, composed the first family circle within the present limits of the State of Iowa, west of the great bend of the Des Moines river, save one, that of Samuel Clayton, who arrived in November, 1836. We moved into our cabin, two miles west of Clayton's, in April, 1837, where soon after this circle was enlarged by the birth of Henry D.

Accustomed to some of the luxuries of the east, the settlers sought conveniences here, making their claims "'cordin' to wood 'n water." My father placed his cabin in the border of an opening in the timber, near a spring, which fed a rivulet entering Chequest creek two miles above its mouth.

The scenes and experiences of that cabin life commencing in my fourteenth year are sweet and vivid memories. My senses were constantly thrilled. The mornings passed something like this—supposing it to be the summer of 1838: "Clink, clink, clink," my sleepy eyes would open on father bent down to the hearth, striking flint on steel. Then came a pause as he blew and blew the tiny spark into a spreading ember. Quiet for a time and a nap for me. "Maria, Maria," came the call from mother's bed, "the kettle is boiling." And then Maria's "William! George! Jimmie! Clear out!" This meant that we were to get off the floor with our made-down bed so that the table could be set. Out we bounced, or, lingering in the way we were tumbled *sans culotte* upon the puncheon floor, and a second offense was a swiftly switched breach of discipline. The floor being cleared the dry goods box table was set where we had slept. The baking corn bread, the frying pork or venison, and the coffee (for father and mother only) boiling on the fire, filled



James Duffield

JAMES DUFFIELD,
A pioneer settler near Keosauqua, Van Buren county, Iowa.

the room with appetizing odors. Meantime John had hunted the hills and hollows, had driven up, yoked and tied "Dick" and "Buck" near the door. Father had fed "Old Jule" and cut and split wood for the day. William came from the spring with a pail of water. Those of us who were large enough had gone along, and in the stream below had washed our faces, drying them in the air on our way back. Lucky were we if mother did not send us back for a more thorough effort. From William's pail father took a cup of the cold fresh water, and, hanging his hat on the cabin corner, made his toilet in this way: Placing the cup between his knees and spreading his heels apart he splashed into his clasped hands the exact amount of water needed. The filled hands were rubbed, the proper lurch added a good bath for the face, and the last splash into the hands was carried to the hair and thoroughly rubbed in. A homespun towel did for his face what the breezes did for ours. The comb was tightly seized in the right hand, the left being extended tightly upon the hair above the left ear. It was raked across the forehead, and back until the last stroke brought the back part of the hair under the ear. The comb then changed hands, the right hand marking the place the left had fixed; when done, the part, if it could be called such, extended from the forehead to the nape of the neck with both ears completely hidden. The last stroke was to throw a roach over the front of the forehead, more, perhaps, to put the hair away from the eyes than to decorate the head. Such, with lustrous and luxuriant black hair, was the appearance of one settler's toilet. And such was the appearance of all the boys in the family. (Mother was our barber and she got around to the task of cutting our hair once or twice a year. The head being combed, she started the shears in below the left ear, clipped around and came out under the right. If the edges were even it was a good job.) Well, the toilet made, father, mother and the eldest boys sat down to breakfast. The girls and smaller children awaiting the sec-

ond, if, indeed, not the third table. We were now turned outdoors.

Mornings in the spring were a delight. On every side the sight and scent met blooming crab, service berry, choke cherry, and the various thorns and luxuriant annuals. The woods were a chorus; perhaps more nearly an orchestra. For the music of the new and brilliantly plumed songsters was joined in lustily by the drumming pheasant, the tapping woodpecker, the whistling quail and gobbling turkey. For two or three summers we boys were each morning to be found on the outskirts of an Indian camp, commingling with the dogs and children and eager to indulge our opportunities. Mother was to the Indians "a good squaw," and father's worst criticism on her economy was that she shared with them her scanty stores. A day's history can be made from the experiences we had. Leaving our cabin with certain strings made for us by mother, a part of what had been a hunting knife, and no more clothing than necessary to support the pockets, we went to the camp. Our play-fellows went with us to the creek where the choicest swimming holes were ours. To our strings they joined hooks for which they had bartered with a trader. One of the Indian boys and I went to get the bait; he did not set me to turning rocks and logs or tearing the tough sod for angle-worms. He led me up the creek, then into a cleft in the rocky bluff where it looked and felt as if the sun had never shone. Creeping between the mossy banks he ran his hands under the roots of the great ferns and among the leaves and began handing me the bait for which he sought—the fresh, tender, slimy snails, whose shells in countless thousands the wooden mold-board turned up on the claims of the timber settlers in that early day. Filling our pockets and hands we returned to the others, who with our broken knife had prepared our poles. With the rudest tackle and the Indian's bait it was not difficult to take a nice string of fine bass, perch and pickerel, by the middle of the afternoon. We returned with the

Indians to their camp. As usual the squaws asked us to eat. Hanging near one of the teepees was the carcass of a large bear, the skin still on, and none of the meat seemed to have been taken out. The odor from the kettles and from the fragments which dropped into the fire started the saliva in our mouths, and caused us to accept the invitation with unanimous voice. Of course the visiting "skin-a-ways" were favored guests, and my Indian companion brought to me a fresh clean piece of bark on which lay a steaming piece of that big bear. My hands almost trembled in hungry and appreciative expectancy. Then I saw that I was offered a whole unskinned, unscraped foot of the bear. I put it from me; but my companion threw away the bark, took the hot paw in his dirty hands, pulled off the nails and hair with his teeth and spit them out, then ate that foot. I had not noticed the cooking process till now. One of the kindest and most active of the squaws sat in the door of her teepee rapidly drawing into the kettle at her left the entrails of the bear, as with her right hand she stripped out their contents.

These first few years of our residence were the last years of the Sacs and Foxes in this locality. Both Keokuk and Black Hawk were with the tribe. Keokuk was the chief, and his coming and going was remarked by both the Indians and the settlers. He was of fine appearance, dignified and austere. Black Hawk, on the contrary, was not very highly regarded by the tribe, and not much noticed by the settlers until his death in 1838 a few miles above here, when a great deal was said about his life and achievements by both whites and Indians. Both Keokuk and Black Hawk were often at our cabin, and I remember their appearance well. The latter was sadly dilapidated in appearance, wearing ill-kept garments of the whites' style and manufacture, while he was nearly always in a state of at least semi-intoxication. I have heard this fact disputed in late years, but I can positively assert its truth. We thought little of their doings at the time, but now it seems strange that they should have been

wholly interested in the compensation the government was making them, and not have regretted leaving the rich sugar tree groves in which they had so long lived along the Chequest, or the graves they had made along the hills and river banks above its mouth.

The duties of a settler on his claim and of his wife about the cabin were simple though severe. The responsibility was all theirs, but they had the finest knack of distributing it. Father directed the outdoor force, planning every task, yet relying for its certain and correct execution on the boys under the management of John, aged twenty. How father urged and excited even the youngsters to heap the brush and logs all day long for the sole apparent purpose of the delight of the big fire at night! I did not learn for twenty years that he was getting overtime out of me. His management through John admitted of his necessarily long and tedious trips into Illinois and Missouri to mill and market. On these trips he usually took one of his children, to that extent relieving mother's cares. On her part, mother used the same ingenuity, having Maria, aged twenty-two, upon whom to rely. Every child able to carry wood or run errands was Maria's assistant. Mother bore and cared for the babies, saw that the floor was white and clean, that the beds were made and cared for, the garden tended, the turkeys dressed, the deer flesh cured and the fat prepared for candles or culinary use, that the wild fruits were garnered and preserved or dried, that the spinning and knitting was done and the clothing made. She did her part in all these tasks, made nearly all the clothing and did the thousand things for us a mother only finds to do. But as assistants in the training of the children, the performance of hard labor and the bearing of the burdens of the settlers' lives, the Johns and Marias of pioneer life have never received their full credit. Devoutness is characteristic of women, and "the peace that passeth understanding" abode in our mother. Father, less filled with grace, enforced the rules of righteousness in the family, and



Margaret Duffield

MARGARET DUFFIELD,

A pioneer settler near Keosauqua, Van Buren county, Iowa, wife of James Duffield.

to others outside, with stern exactness. It was he who made it compulsory that we keep every promise, attend any religious service within walking distance and observe the Sabbath. And my father's cabin was ruled as every other settler's. The habits of the settlers were strangely alike. Exceptions there were where a cabin was occupied by a settler preparing for and awaiting the arrival of his family from the east, or where a lone bachelor occupied his claim. I never knew a settler's cabin presided over by a childless woman.

Father had been a tavern keeper and in a small way dealt in live stock in Steubenville, Ohio, prior to coming into Fulton county, Illinois, where he lived three years. The family left in Illinois a good stock of kitchen and table necessities, and frequent trips there supplied our cabin with a better equipment than was usual among the settlers. The idea in moving into Iowa, and across the river, was that the open country would furnish free pasture for much stock, and our force was sufficient to break enough ground on our claim, and otherwise to care for it. Driving the stock to eastern markets would be done by our own force and without expense. There was a full intention of acquiring title to a quarter section when we came, but that the open country would ever be taken up, or that land values would ever advance to a point equalling other profits to be derived from the open lands, did not enter father's mind. Especial effort was made to acquire hogs and cattle. These were driven out into the woods and even to Indian prairie, six miles west, to be taken up in the fall and made ready for market. Had advancing land values been in the settlers' minds, this prairie would surely have been taken up. As it was, the first claim hunters, and in fact all who came in '37, '38 and '39 and stopped at our cabin, returned from the prairie saying that it would never be settled as it was so far out, and without wood or water. Our own family acquired several claims, and not one left the wooded, hilly country.

Before the first land sales in November, 1838, the coun-

try was thronged with these claim hunters. During the summer seasons there was not a week that our cabin did not house from one to five or six at a time, and each stayed from one to several days, going out over the unclaimed country. Some of these visitors were like ourselves, bona fide seekers after cheap homes. Another class did not wear the plain clothes nor rough manners of the settlers, but a smooth manner, a ruffled shirt during the week, and a bit of jewelry, marking them as speculators. To these I never knew father or mother to offer an impatient or discourteous word, but I knew them to withhold information which they cheerfully volunteered to others. These speculators did not hesitate to acquaint the settlers with the fact that the United States owned the lands, and whoever purchased them would have right to possession. This aroused much uneasiness and disturbed the peace and quiet of the settlers. The children, though grown up, witnessed the contention, even if they did not share the apprehension. Their work and love for the claim and cabin was precious to them. In the summer of 1838 a plan was set afloat by settlers whereby it was understood that those occupying lands should not bid against one another at the sales, nor suffer bidding by unknown persons. I have tried to discover written evidence of these understandings, but fear none has been preserved. Aaron W. Harlan, who entered a part of Section 31 of what was afterward Van Buren township, in which the town of Keosauqua is situated, and who is yet living, says:

The first meeting of the settlers for the purpose was at the house of Uriah Biggs on his claim near Pittsburg (N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 14); Lemuel G. Jackson, whose claim was in Section 1, was president, and Biggs, secretary. For that township there was a court of three persons appointed to settle any differences among the settlers, and James Knox was appointed bidder for the township. Among other things done there was a resolution offered by me, which Biggs amended so as to read:

"Resolved, That our government is by the people, of the people, and for the people, and that we are the people."

There were two or three contested claims, but our court settled them, and when the first sales for the township occurred in November, 1838, at

Burlington, we had more fear than difficulty. Our proceedings were the first in the State of this character, and many from other localities came and examined them. The people of West Point township, Lee county, adopted them without change. They were copied in many other places, and I think the system was followed generally throughout the territory prior to the sales.

When the time came for the sales there was some dread that the plan would fail. Though the differences among the settlers seemed gone, those with the speculators were ahead. When father left home to go to Burlington about the first of November, 1838, mother and the whole family were worried. I shall not forget his start. He went on horseback in company with other settlers, and there was no apparent reason for fear, yet all did fear. To feed his horse he took a bag of shelled oats—there were no threshed oats in those days. In the oats he put two hundred dollars borrowed from Thomas Devin at fifty per cent interest. I do not think my father put anything else in the bag, though of this I can not be sure, for it is recorded in history that the settlers at that first sale had weapons available. It will be remembered that when the settlements were begun, the territory east of the Black Hawk Purchase had been laid off in congressional townships—in 1836, 1837, and 1838, by William Burt, inventor of the solar compass. The west line of the purchase ran from a point on the Missouri line in a northeasterly direction, just touching the northwest corner of Jackson township, Van Buren county, and intersecting the line of Cedar county where the Cedar river enters. The settler who blazed or staked his claim, or built a cabin or claim pen, knew that when the country should be sectionized the claim and even cabin might be cut in pieces; but that some speculator, without the feeling of love for home, or of anything but gain, might step in and dispossess him, was a thing he could not comprehend. So, when the sales began, and General Ver Planck Van Antwerp and John C. Breckenridge, then a strippling, but afterward vice president of the United States, stepped out and read the act of congress and proclamation authoriz-

ing the sale, and especially when that portion was announced where a penalty was attached to any act preventing open, free and honest competition in the auction of the lands, a silent smile on the settlers' faces spoke their contempt.

A settler's feelings may be imagined by father's account of his own experience. Parcels were put up on which no settler lived, and bidding was free and open. Next a settler's claim would be put up and the dollar and a quarter bid, and any effort on the part of the crier was met with silence from the crowd. At last township 69, range 10, was reached. The surveys had shown our claim to be the northwest quarter of this section, the lines singularly falling within a few rods of father's original blazes. The quarter was offered. Knox, the bidder, shouted "one twenty-five." Father said he felt sure some one else would bid and that the suspense of waiting would overcome him. At last, "sold! to— James Duffield," said Knox. Father felt like hastening at once to pay for the land and starting home, but the settlers' interests were a common interest, and honor bound him to await the end. The trip home was a short one to him. The welcome he received when we saw him coming down the trail with success showing in his dark countenance was the best I ever helped to give him. The children even felt the joy of possession supported by title. Our claim and cabin were now indeed our own.

I tried to describe a morning at the cabin. I wish I could describe an evening. Age makes one think of evening. There, all about the unfenced dooryard, lay huge dry logs, dragged there for the winter fires, unused when the summer came. On these we children played. Within the wide doorway, through which, in winter, these great logs were dragged by "Old Jule," to be rolled as back-sticks on the fire, sat father and mother. The sun's red streaks shot up from "the deadening" beyond the field. The planning for to-morrow done, mother calls the little ones, and with her they disappear within. No lights in summer time. The

girls soon follow mother, and the poor, tired old John. "Buck" and "Dick" rub their yoke-chafed necks against the trees and stroll away into the woods, browsing as they go. "Old Whitey," the cow, kneels, then drops on her puffed-out side, driving her breath from her nostrils with a snort that tells of pain from fullness. The orchestra of the morning has changed its tune and plays an air of the summer night. The insects grate their accompaniment to the colloquy of owl and whippoorwill. Father rises, drags his chair from the doorway to its accustomed corner, steps out and straightens up his figure. Looking to the west and north, he gives his opinion that to-morrow will bring fine weather. Announcing that all should be in bed, he retires into the cabin. Jim lays his sleepy head upon his log. Nothing breaks the stillness but the sounds which memory still brings me when alone. Away off the whimpering howl of the timber wolf. In different directions the answering bark of neighbors' dogs. "Old Ketch" slips to the foot of the hill and bawls out his sentiments and sneaking back curls up below my feet. My eyes grow heavy. The chilly air creeps up from the creek. I slip down, shake Jim, and, speechless, we stagger in. Our thumbs are lifting our "galluses" as we cross the doorsill. Our breeches clog our ankles as we drag across the floor, and slip off as we crawl over the foot of our made-down bed. Sleep? Like logs!

IN 1840 a law passed the city council levying a tax of one dollar on each dog, or making it the duty of the marshal to destroy each dog not so paid for. One dog was paid for that year and the rest went free. This year again we know of but one who has paid a dog tax, and hear of but two dogs being destroyed. What a glorious thing it is to have a corporation.—*Davenport, Iowa, Sun, August 6, 1842.*

ORIGINAL SURVEY OF THE C., B. & Q. R. R. LINE.

BY THE LATE HON. ALFRED HEBARD.*

I will attempt to recall from memory a few incidents connected with the projection and first survey of the Burlington & Missouri River railroad in Iowa, (now the C., B. & Q. line) in which we of Montgomery county are most interested.

At an early day the success in various railroad enterprises and the speed and power of the gradually improved iron horse, awakened an interest that spread and grew until certain periods of the last half century might well be characterized as "railroad crazy." Everybody wanted a railroad that they might keep up with the rest of the world, and everybody that could, wanted to build and own a road for the supposed power and profit there was in it. Especially in our western country where an eager anxiety gave subsidies and grants of land worth in some instances more than the necessary cost of the construction. The parties who controlled the Michigan Central road and afterward built the C., B. & Q. from Chicago to the Mississippi river—touching it at Burlington and Quincy—encouraged by their success thus far, determined upon an extension of their line across the State of Iowa, and perhaps further, as inducements might offer. The facilities offered by the level prairies of Illinois led them to anticipate a similar experience in Iowa, because it was an open prairie country. The purpose

*Mr. Hebard was one of the best beloved and most distinguished of the pioneers of Iowa. He was born in Windham, Conn., May 10, 1811. He died at Block Island, R. I., September 21, 1896. He graduated at Yale College in 1832. "His favorite studies were in civil engineering," wrote the Rev. Dr. William Salter, in a sketch of Mr. Hebard's long and useful life which appeared in this series of *THE ANNALS*, vol. III, pp. 47-52. He was also eulogized in addresses delivered at a memorial service held in Red Oak, September 27, 1896, by Rev. E. C. Moulton, Hon. W. W. Merritt and Judge H. E. Deemer. Mr. Hebard had written some articles for *THE ANNALS* and intended to write others when he was overtaken by his last illness. His article which we print to-day was written for the purpose of being read at an old settlers' reunion.

was to build a first class road and allow no grade exceeding a limit of 40 feet to the mile. There was a warrant for such a purpose in an assumed certainty of an immense amount of business when these fertile lands were in cultivation, for, strange as it might seem to some, there is not an acre of land from one great river to the other incapable of being made a garden of profit.

The first step to be taken was to acquire a definite knowledge of the country through which their proposed extended line was to run. With that intent an engineering party was organized under my charge, fully equipped for any service that might be required, with no special instructions other than to explore and hunt out the most feasible route for the proposed line, from the Des Moines river at Ottumwa to the Missouri river, Council Bluffs being the objective point. In going out across the State we did not plant an instrument or stretch a chain, using our eyes for a careful reconnoissance and keeping notes of all we saw. The eye is the best surveying instrument ever made, especially on preliminary work. Mathematical instruments are of course necessary for the final adjustment of a determined line, where all the parts should sustain to each other the exact relation of tangent and curve, but much time is often spent and expense incurred in railroad surveys, by measuring obstacles that are apparent at a glance.

After a somewhat tedious trip by the Mormon and other trails, to find crossings of streams, we reached the Bluffs. Summing up our observations and notes we found we had a difficult task on our hands. The first day out from Ottumwa took us into gorges and chasms along Soap Creek that would require something like the pyramids of Egypt for bridging. We abandoned that route as fast as we could leave it, satisfied, however, that to the north we should find a drainage favorable to our line. It proved so on our return. We followed the trail of the Mormons to Mt. Pisgah, in Union county, a station on their line of travel in their

exodus from Nauvoo. From this point onward the rough country on the head branches of Grand River, the Nodaways, and other streams that had their sources in this region, forbid anything like a feasible line through to the Bluffs, and to this circumstance we are indebted for a more southerly location, where we have it to-day. The Rock Island railroad passes to the north, our road to the south, some 40 miles apart at Villisca. It was necessary for us to pass this drainage at a point lower down, after the head branches had united, forming a larger stream with one valley to be crossed instead of a dozen; besides, well defined streams 10 to 15 miles apart would have ravines or small secondary drainage favorable to our east and west line.

Iowa is a great uneven plain, without mountain, elevation or hill even, except relatively to adjacent valleys; highest in the north and northwest, with a southerly dip or decline sufficient to give direction to her drainage, and a somewhat rapid current to her streams, especially in time of floods. The action of these waters during a long period of years, on a loose and porous soil, has eroded valleys broad and deep, separated from each other by stretches of land that rise between them to the level of the general plane of the State. Between the water plane of the Missouri and West Bottany the elevation at some points is about three hundred feet, from East Bottany to Nodaway somewhat less, but still very high. The necessity of crossing these broad valleys and the intervening high divides put an end to our fancied idea of a grade limited to 40 feet to the mile. Unfortunately too, for the business capacity of a road is largely governed by its rate and amount of grades. The valleys were so broad that they could not be crossed by an elevated track and our only way to relieve grades was to hunt out the lowest points in the divides and run our line of levels through them, availing ourselves of every kind of ravine or lateral drainage to reach and leave these summits. Before leaving the Bluffs to make our survey I spent two entire

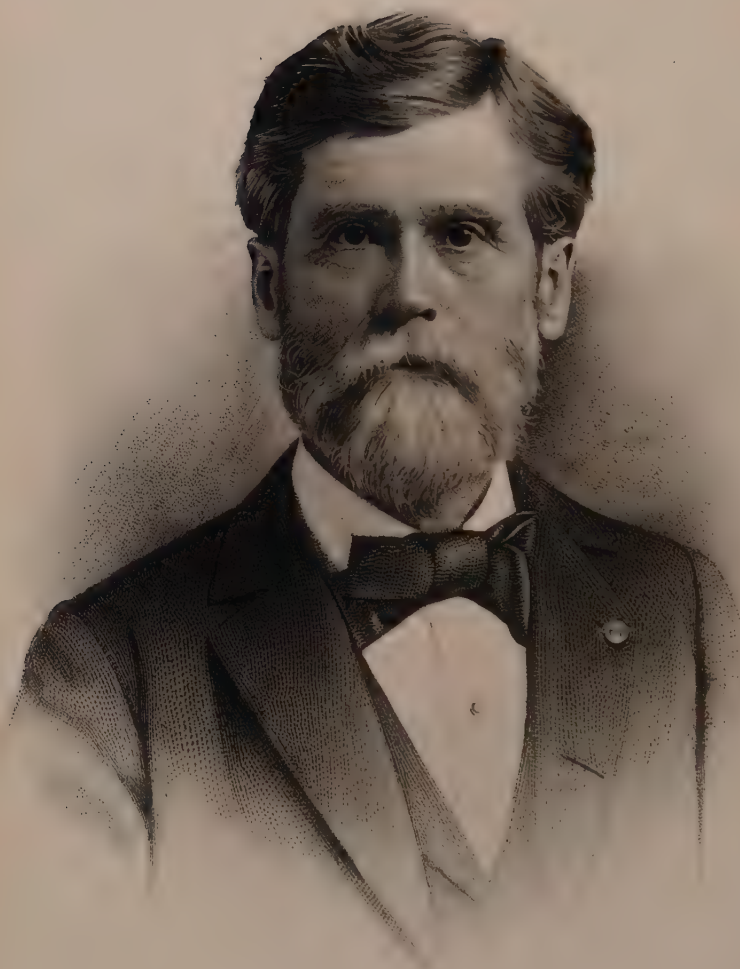
nights in the general land office, copying in rough manner the maps showing the streams as laid down by the surveyor on a strip three townships wide north and south through to the Des Moines in the second tier of counties. Within this limit I intended to succeed or fail in finding a practical line for the proposed railroad.

It is not worth while to go into every detail of our daily progress. It was simply crossing valleys—ascending and descending divides most of the way back to Ottumwa—carefully measuring and leveling the entire line, so that the company might have reliable data for future consideration. I did not have any great confidence in our line at the time. I knew I had left some hard points for subsequent solution, but, as whole seasons were spent in surveys afterward, and the road finally was located and built on the route indicated in this first survey, I am led to believe that the effort was not entirely a useless one. I wish to add that the line of our first survey did not pass through Villisca, but crossed the Nodaway some five or six miles to the north, the only change that I know of. Our whole work was a very quick and hurried affair but I know that I put in some five weeks of the hardest work I ever did. I will not name my compensation further than to say it would correspond very well with the price of oats* at the present time. I have no dates but all this was more than 40 years ago. Population was more than scarce—one squatter in Adams county and one man by the name of Starr engaged in commerce in Union county. He had a cabin near where Afton now is—a kind of half-way station on the “Mormon trail”. His stock in trade consisted of a keg of whisky and plug tobacco. Weary travelers could halt and refresh and then stock up for the balance of their journey. Although there is complaint about railroad management at the present time, we cannot deny that we, in our locality, are favored with a good and efficient

*This article was written some years ago, at a time, no doubt, when the price of oats was very low.

service. There was probably a lack of prudent caution in early railroad legislation. The people gave subsidies and lands without price and without conditions. They paid for those lands in buying them back at the highest prices they would bear. Community wants no quarrel—only a recognition of mutual rights. What is called the railroad problem is a difficult one. It will require a wise brain and a skillful genius to solve it.

FREMONT COUNTY, located in the southwest corner of the State, being bounded on the west by the Missouri river and on the south by the State line, is one of the best counties in the State. Its soil is unsurpassed for richness. It is well watered by the Nishnabotona and branches, and by several small branches running into the Missouri, while numerous large and beautiful springs flow from the Missouri bluffs. It contains a population of 1,250 souls. The southern portion of the county has been settled for about ten years, and contains many highly cultivated and extensive farms. The prairies are less extensive than in many of our eastern counties, while the timber is likewise more equally distributed. In the southern portion of the county the population is made up of emigrants from Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, and Missouri, together with a small settlement of French. On the Missouri bottom, in the western portion of the county, is the "Civil Bend" settlement, composed of between twenty and thirty families from the eastern states. In the northern portion of the county there are several small Mormon settlements. The county was organized during the past summer, and the coming legislature will undoubtedly provide for the location of its county seat.—*The Western Democrat, Andrew, Iowa, November 6, 1850.*



Philip M. Crago

PHILIP M. CRAPO.

At eleven o'clock Sunday night there died in Burlington a man who has helped in a very great way to make Burlington a better city, a more attractive one to live in, and one in which the pride of its citizens had good cause to grow and expand. There stand to the credit of P. M. Crapo, as monuments to his progressive and liberal-minded citizenship, two things of which Burlington is proud. Chief, it may be said in an intellectual and artistic sense, is the free public library, which his generous gifts made possible to the citizens. There is no nobler inspiration in life than that which conceives the illuminating of the intellect. Thoughts, impulses and deeds which tend toward that object are among the rare things that characterize humanity. In contemplating the efforts which Mr. Crapo has put forth in the up-building and sustaining of the public library, his generous gifts of books, his tireless attention to the interests of the building and its grounds, his frequent donations toward the betterment and intrinsic enhancement of the institution, one reaches the inevitable conclusion that Mr. Crapo was a citizen apart; one whose heart was in the right place, one who saw the needs of the city and hesitated not to do the best he could to aid in the providing the things necessary to fulfillment of the public desire, and its good. That his acts and impulses were dictated by a true and honest heart and one not clouded by the thought of personal gain, there is none who will deny.

Possibly second in importance, though some might put it first, is Crapo park, while not a gift in full, a liberal donation to our city's needs. With enthusiasm unbounded, and zeal that knew no turning, Mr. Crapo worked, dreamed and strove for that stretch of sunlight and pure air for the dwellers in the city where hundreds spend their outing during the outdoor season. Only second to the intellectual development is that of the physical body. Indeed it may be

doubted if the latter is very far behind the first in importance, and there are those who place it first. For, say they, without health, what is learning, what is intellectual enjoyment? Be this as it may, the park which Mr. Crapo's generous contributions enabled Burlington to possess, stands as one of the two fitting monuments to his memory here. It marks the breadth of the man's real character and sets a guiding stone for others to follow, in their efforts along humanitarian lines.

These are the two things—the library and the park—which have brought the public and Mr. Crapo more closely into touch. And it is largely by them that his service as a fellow citizen will be judged. But there are those of Burlington citizens and many people in cities far and wide, who have come in personal contact with Mr. Crapo and by their closer touch possess an acquaintance with his real character that gives him a sure place in their estimation, aside from any philanthropic acts he may have performed here and elsewhere. They will testify that Mr. Crapo's heart was right, that his impulses were generous, that his aim was for the best interests of the largest number. Even those who have felt the glint of fire from the steel of his indomitable character, acknowledge that as a rule Mr. Crapo was technically right. He may, in his eagerness to have some cherished and laudable ambition carried out along the lines which he had carefully considered and believed to be right, have presented too determined a front to his fellow workers. It was not possible for one of his courageous, determined and unswerving disposition, no matter how sincere his belief in the justness of his cause, not to bring at times the tingle of a wound to those who strove with him for some mutually desired benefit to the city.

But there is not a man to-day in Burlington who does not give to Mr. Crapo the credit of great citizenship, of lofty ideals, of unbounded generosity, of untiring zeal for the welfare of his city and its people. Our citizens recog-

nize that these characteristics for which they honor him made him more than a man confined within a city's walls—a recognized factor in affairs at large, whose death will be mourned far beyond the limits of his home city.

Burlington has cause to regret the death of Philip M. Crapo. It will remember him long and will honor him in memory.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*, Sept. 22, 1903.

Left an orphan in childhood, he early learned to do for himself, and to improve every opportunity that came to him for advancement and promotion in the world. Forty years ago he saw the life of the nation imperiled, and he bared his youthful bosom to the storm of war. The fires of patriotic devotion were always warm and glowing upon the altar of his heart. When the nation was saved, he entered the fields of industry and enterprise, and enlisted his energy and his sagacity and skill in railroad and other work. Thirty-five years ago he came to Iowa, and from that time his life has been identified with the growth of this city and of the State, and with the varied interests of our people in commerce and trade, in the improvement of their farms and homes, and in the advancement of knowledge and of moral and social order throughout the commonwealth.

In business he was quick and prompt and indefatigable in his faithful attention to every trust committed to his hands. Of firm character and strong will, he stood for equity and righteousness between man and man and in public affairs. Independent and self-reliant, he was indifferent to popular clamor, and to opinions and measures his judgment did not approve, and was strenuous and tenacious for his own views and convictions. His sense of justice and right, and his respect and honor for himself, and for the dictates of his reason and conscience, were superior in his own mind to every other consideration.

With these traits there was blended in large and supreme measure the highest ideas of human sympathy and affection,

and the purest and most disinterested sentiments of consideration and regard for the welfare and benefit of his fellow men. His benevolence and charity were unbounded. He appreciated his relations to others as a member of the same human family, sharing common duties and cares, common sorrows and joys, all alike children of the same heavenly Father, and needing the love of one another, as well as the grace and mercy of heaven. His thoughts for the city of his home embraced the higher wants and the richer culture of its people. He knew the charms of nature, and the inspiring and healing influences of great landscapes, of wide visions of earth and sky, of forest trees, of birds, of a lordly river, and of grounds made picturesque by art and taste. He knew the charms of literature, that good books are food for the mind, that history and poetry and science and philosophy are the handmaids of civilization, that free access to the temple of knowledge affords great opportunities for the higher culture and advancement of a people.

For these objects Mr. Crapo labored many years in assiduous effort, planning and arranging to bring about that happy consummation of the best things we have in our city life—the free public library and Crapo park. To them he gave his time in many long vigils and studies of the night, as well as of the day, and for them with generous hand he poured out his wealth in affluent streams. He followed the rule of holy writ that they who are rich in this world be not high-minded or proud, nor trust in uncertain riches but in the living God who gives them all things richly to enjoy, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, and lay up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.—*Rev. Dr. Salter at the funeral.*

ANNALS OF IOWA.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

WALT WHITMAN AND JAMES HARLAN.

When James Harlan was appointed Secretary of the Interior in 1865, Walt Whitman held a clerkship in that Department. This was before the "good gray poet" had come into any considerable fame. It was at a time, too, when many people—perhaps ninety-nine out of every hundred—deemed certain of his poems immoral and some of them indecent. Mr. Harlan's attention was called to the matter, the result of which was the removal of Whitman from his clerkship. At the time, however, this event attracted little attention; so little, in fact, that at this day very few people who have come down from that generation will remember it at all. Really, it transpired as quietly as would the removal, for cause, of a \$1,600 clerk by a cabinet officer to-day. Comparatively few people at that time entertained any admiration for the writings of Walt Whitman. Mr. Harlan, however mistakenly, shared the popular estimate of the man and his works. Even E. C. Stedman, the poet, spoke of Whitman's writings as "too anatomical and malodorous." Later on, however, as his works grew into wider appreciation, edition after edition was printed, the volumes for the most part we believe, being sold by the poet himself. Publishers were not anxious to identify themselves with him. One of these editions was issued with the announcement that Whitman's autograph would appear upon each title-page. It was the good fortune of the writer of this paragraph to purchase a copy from the author himself. We believe that Whitman never made any public complaint concerning his removal from the Interior Department, but

some of his partisans have continued to denounce this act as a terrible outrage and to visit much censure upon the head of James Harlan. In the foreword of some of the editions of Whitman's writings which have been published since his death, this circumstance has been magnified in importance and denounced in very bitter terms. During the present year an *edition de luxe* of Whitman's writings has been issued by the well-known house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York City. It is in every respect, so far as the manufacture of the ten volumes is concerned, a superb edition—one of which booklovers who are fortunate enough to possess it, will always be proud. It is marred, however, by what we consider a very serious defect, and that is a repetition and expansion of all the nonsensical bitterness which has been so unjustly visited upon Mr. Harlan. We copy the following from the introduction:

Harlan was told that Whitman was the author of an indecent book. To satisfy himself of the truth of this charge he one evening surreptitiously abstracted Whitman's copy of the *Leaves [of Grass]* from a drawer in his desk, and just as secretly returned it before Whitman next day reported for duty. Harlan was convinced that his information was correct, and Whitman was forthwith discharged.

None who knew Senator Harlan will credit the statement that he was capable of performing any official act "surreptitiously" or "secretively". He was always outspoken in his opinions, prompt and decided in action, and the supposition that he would act in that way will not be entertained by those who knew him well in Iowa. He served the people of this State as Superintendent of Public Instruction, and represented Iowa sixteen years in the United States Senate. Shortly before his death by the hand of an assassin President Lincoln called him from the U. S. Senate Chamber to the secretaryship of the Interior Department, where he also remained for some time. He served three years as presiding judge of the court of commissioners on the Alabama claims during the administration of President Andrew Johnson. He not only enjoyed the unbroken confidence of Presi-

dents Abraham Lincoln and U. S. Grant, but of Charles Sumner, Roscoe Conkling, George F. Edmonds, James W. Grimes, William Pitt Fessenden, Thomas B. Reed, and other great leaders of those historic times. His removal of Walt Whitman was simply a quiet, ordinary event, as appointments and removals were every day affairs before the days of "civil service" laws and rules. It is simply "indecent", betokening no great amount of courage, thus to assail the memory of such a man after his death. However, we scarcely expect this sort of thing to cease. Repeated editions of Whitman's works will be called for in the future, and we presume that those who exploit themselves as his especial admirers, and the protectors of his fame, will continue these savage assaults upon Mr. Harlan with increasing acerbity, regardless of any protests by those who knew him from his first appearance in public life until the day of his death. Possibly those who repeat this nonsense are of the opinion that it adds to their own consequence to pose as the defenders of Walt Whitman, who was too great to need defense from anybody.

THE DEATH OF PHILIP M. CRAPO.

The death of this statesman and philanthropist occurred at his home in the city of Burlington on Sunday night, September 20, 1903. He had been traveling in Colorado, where he contracted a severe cold, resulting in an attack of pneumonia, which suddenly ended his life at the age of 59 years.

In this untimely death not the city alone where he had his home, but the entire State has suffered an overwhelming and irreparable loss. Eminently successful in business, he was devoting his fortune and the maturity of his life to the public good. His career had been filled with the proudest

labors. He was a soldier who carried his musket in the Union army during the civil war. It is due to his memory that he should be known as the founder of the Iowa Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown, for he drew the bill which provided for its establishment and successfully engineered its enactment into a law. The erection and opening of the magnificent public library in Burlington, resulted from his liberal use of his own means and his untiring and well directed efforts in that behalf. In like manner he was the founder of the magnificent park which by unanimous public assent bears his name. He had rendered much assistance in the establishment of the Historical Department of Iowa, and gave time and money to the development of historic art in our State.

This is but a partial enumeration of Philip M. Crapo's good works, and he was formulating plans for others which in due time would have become known to his fellow citizens of Burlington and the State at large. Elsewhere in this number we copy tributes to the memory of this illustrious man from the pens of those who knew him in public and private life and as neighbor and friend.

NEW COURT HOUSE AT DECORAH.

On Saturday, August 22, 1903, the corner stone of a new and commodious court house was laid at Decorah, the capital of Winneshiek county, to replace the first one, which was erected in 1857-8. The occasion was a memorable one in the annals of that populous and flourishing county. The orator of the day was Hon. Sidney Foster, of Des Moines. Among the items deposited in the corner stone was a History of Winneshiek County, filling several columns. This was especially prepared for this purpose by Hon. A. K. Bailey, the well-known editor of *The Decorah Republican*, who.

served a term in the State Senate, 1890-92. He styles his article "A condensed history of the first things of Winneshiek," specifying "four facts that do not appear in the printed histories." These are—

(1) That Winneshiek county was born February 20, 1847, or four years prior to the heretofore accepted date.

(2) That in the order of births it ranks as the forty-fourth in the Iowa sisterhood of counties.

(3) Locates the "Neutral Ground," of which territory Winneshiek county was the heart, and defines its borders, as had not been done; also explains in what respect it was neutral ground when occupied by the Winnebago tribe of Indians.

(4) Brings out some facts about Fort Atkinson that are interesting if not important.

In Vol. 4, pp. 448-53, of THE ANNALS OF IOWA, Col. W. H. Carter of the Regular Army, gives an account of "the establishment, occupation, and abandonment of old Fort Atkinson," his materials having been compiled from the records of the Adjutant-General's office. Mr. Bailey's "new facts" are both interesting and historically important. We copy them in full:

There is but one historic spot in Winneshiek county, viz: Fort Atkinson. The fort was named after General Atkinson, a hero of the Black Hawk war. It consisted of an open square somewhat larger than an acre. Barracks were located on each of the four sides; gun or block houses were on the northeast and southwest corners, and a powder house on the southeast corner. It was on a lovely spot overlooking the valley of a branch of the Turkey river. Its erection was begun in June, 1840, and it was built at a cost of \$90,000. The buildings were of stone, from material mostly prepared at Fort Crawford, near Prairie du Chien, and the construction of a military road between the two forts added considerably to the ultimate cost. This roadway ran along the ridge dividing the valleys of the Turkey on the south side and Iowa and Yellow rivers on the north side. From this fact came the term Military Ridge, or Military road, in common use for upward of fifty years.

The purpose of the fort was to keep peace in the "Neutral Ground" and protect the Winnebagoes in the possession of the same. When completed the fort was occupied by one company of infantry and one of cavalry. With the removal of the Indians in 1847-8, the fort was abandoned, and remained in the hands of a custodian for several years.

In January, 1848, the General Assembly memorialized Congress to donate to the State the site of the fort, together with two sections of land

adjoining, for the purpose of establishing an agricultural college, the same to be a branch of the State University. The memorial said "the location was in one of the finest agricultural portions of the State, and will soon be surrounded by a dense population." This memorial proved of no avail.

Three years later, i. e., in 1851, the General Assembly by a joint resolution, asked Congress to donate the site of the fort (together with all lands attached) to the State of Iowa for a State Normal, Manual Training and Military Institute. This, too, was a fruitless appeal.

In 1853 the site was sold at auction for \$3,521, and a considerable portion of the material was used to build up a new Fort Atkinson in the valley where a railway line had been laid that is now known as the Iowa & Dakota division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

PORTRAITS OF GOVERNOR CHAMBERS.

We have heretofore alluded to the doubt cast upon the authenticity of an engraved portrait of Maj. John Chambers, second Governor of Iowa Territory, which we published facing page 432, Vol. I, of this periodical. It appeared as one of the illustrations of a biographical sketch by Hon. William Penn Clarke. The descendants of the Governor, some of whom reside in Louisville, Ky., and others in Cincinnati, O., have never been willing to accept it as his portrait. The engraving came to our notice with every indication of authenticity. Copies had long been offered for sale in catalogues of engraved portraits by an eminent house in New York City, as that of "Governor John Chambers, of Iowa". It was also brought to our attention by a distinguished gentleman, now deceased, who was a personal acquaintance of Governor Chambers while he resided in Iowa Territory. Recently, we have received further letters from surviving members of the family of Governor Chambers who seem to discredit the idea that this by any possibility could have been his portrait. They state, as a matter quite well understood by themselves, that this engraving is a portrait of "John Chambers of New York," who was long ago a Judge of one of the higher courts of that state. The portrait is a mezzotint which was engraved by H. S.

Sadd, from a daguerreotype. Of course, it was made in the old days sixty or seventy years ago. It may therefore be considered as settled that this portrait was not that of our Territorial Governor, and parties who have files of our first volume are requested to make a memorandum to that effect upon the margin of the portrait itself. It is a matter of regret that this error occurred, but under the circumstances it was not to be avoided. Unless the truth had come to light as it has now happily been brought out, the portrait was liable to appear in future years when its character could not be determined. The only known genuine portrait of Gov. Chambers is that which we published facing page 441, Vol. I, of *THE ANNALS*, and this was engraved from the oil painting of George H. Yewell, N. A., who visited Kentucky many years ago for the purpose of painting it for the State of Iowa to which it now belongs.

INDIVIDUAL COLLECTORS.

They are often stigmatized as "cranks"—sometimes perhaps, in sorrow for their peculiar mental aberration—by unappreciative or unsympathizing people whose tastes run in other directions. But communities, states and the world, are vastly in their debt. Their work is one of the most prolific sources from which accessions come to libraries, museums, and art galleries. Probably there is not a county in Iowa which does not possess one or more collectors. Their tastes are as various as their names, running through every field of literature, art, archaeology and natural history. Their treasures are jealously guarded and cared for, but sooner or later will mostly go into museums or libraries, occasionally by purchase, but more often as gifts. The public at last is benefitted by their sacrifices and their good judgment. We have two gentlemen in Iowa who are doing a noble work in the collection of historical literature

pertaining to ours and surrounding States. We refer to Messrs. A. N. Harbert of Shellsburg, and Lew W. Anderson of Cedar Rapids. Each now owns a library—books, documents, pamphlets—of many hundred titles. They are constantly in search of this species of literature, so necessary to historical students and so valued by them. Each carefully scans the catalogues of dealers in second-hand books, eager to secure any rarities which may have come to light. Each carries on a large correspondence in his efforts to capture desirable and often expensive works which have long been out of print but which are vitally important to complete the chain of our history. They are still young men, but judging by their success up to this time, they will become possessed of collections of large extent and of great value, and after a time the State will profit by what they have accomplished. It would surprise the reader to know how long and how persistently each has pursued his quest for some rare book or pamphlet and what astounding prices they have often paid when the search was crowned with success.

Mr. Harbert has kindly loaned to the Historical Department several of his rare books and pamphlets, one of which we briefly mention as follows:

"Galland's Iowa Emigrant: containing a Map and General Descriptions of Iowa Territory." It was printed at Chillicothe, Ohio, by Wm. C. Jones, in 1810. This little book was written by Dr. Isaac Galland, who settled at Montrose, Lee county, Iowa, in 1827, and died there in 1858. It is a pamphlet of 32 pages, bound in boards, much like a Webster's Spelling Book of sixty years ago. It contains a general description of Iowa Territory, as it was known at that time, including a preface of three closely printed pages in fine type. Among the topics to which paragraphs are devoted are the following: Boundaries, history, character of the population, the rivers, the beautiful meadows (prairies), lakes, Indians, beasts, serpents, birds, wild fruits, military defence, speech of Black Hawk, concluding with a list of the executive officers of the Territory, members of the territorial legislature, lists of counties and post offices. It is illustrated with a copy of "Galland's Map of Iowa, compiled from the latest authorities." The book is in an excellent state of preservation, and we are confident will some day be reprinted in this State. At the present time this thin volume is one of the rarest of early Iowa publications and perfect copies command high prices.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

History of Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River—Life and Adventures of Joseph La Barge, Pioneer Navigator and Indian Trader. By Hiram Martin Chittenden, Captain Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., with illustrations. 2 vols., N. Y., Francis P. Harper, pp. 461. 1903.

The accomplished engineer who supervised the erection of the Floyd monument at Sioux City, and learned author of "The American Fur Trade in the Far West." (ANNALS, v. 149, 544), has made another valuable contribution to American history. The Missouri river, and the prosperous commerce and trade upon it for fifty years, and the decline and passing away of that commerce and trade, are here described in connection with the life of its hero pilot, Captain Joseph La Barge. The author's skill invests the story with a charm and interest and pathos beyond the arts of romance.

A man of native force, firm texture, and indomitable resolution, Captain La Barge's life was crowded with business activity and thrilling adventure. In his seventeenth year he was a voyageur of the American Fur Company upon the Missouri river, and also employed on the steamboat Warrior upon the upper Mississippi, where he witnessed the tragic scenes that closed the Black Hawk war at Bad Axe, August 2, 1832. In the course of fifty years afterward he built and owned and navigated many steamers on the Missouri river, some of them large and palatial; and "there was not a bend or rapid, a bed of snags, or other feature in the twenty-six hundred miles from the mouth of the river to Fort Benton, that was not as familiar to him as the rooms of his own house." He never flinched in times of fright and terror, in tempest and storm, or in Indian alarms.

Captain Chittenden has woven into the history interesting items as to the questionable methods of the American Fur Company in its monopoly, and smuggling liquor into the Indian country; as to Audubon, the ornithologist, a passenger with Captain La Barge in 1843; the Mormon emigration to Salt Lake; Abraham Lincoln with Captain La Barge in the pilot house; Mr. Lincoln's address at Council Bluffs, August 12, 1859; the Indian wars, and army movements under Generals Harney, Crook, and Sheridan; the Custer Massacre, the mines of Montana, and other affairs of the period which the volumes cover.

In 1867 Captain La Barge made one of his most valuable trips from St. Louis to Fort Benton. With three hundred passengers and three hundred tons of freight, fare for cabin passengers three hundred dollars, freight twelve cents per pound, he made a clear profit of forty-five thousand dollars. The same year, forty steamboats passed Sioux City before the first of June on their way up the river. From 1870 to 1880 that city was the shipping point for all the work of the U. S. army on the upper Missouri. The great enemy of the Missouri river steamboat was not the difficult navigation of the river, but the railroad from the completion of the Hannibal & St. Joe in 1859 to 1887 when the Great Northern reached

Helena, Montana, and gave it a final blow. In 1890 the last commercial boat left Fort Benton. Railroad transportation triumphed over the steamboat.

The government improvement of the Missouri river, for which millions have been expended, though giving occasional and local relief, has proved a final failure. In an enlightened spirit Captain Chittenden asks in a closing chapter as to the destiny of the river. Does it still hold the germ of a future empire? Shall its waters that now run to waste be diverted into reservoirs and canals, be spread over vast tracts of arid land, and a population of twenty-five millions be sustained thereby? The disastrous floods of the Des Moines river in May, 1903, awaken a not wholly dissimilar inquiry, whether such desolations might not be guarded against by the construction of reservoirs to hold back the redundant waters.

W. S.

The Hamlin Family. A Genealogy of James Hamlin of Barnstable, Massachusetts, eldest son of James Hamlin, the immigrant who came from London, England, and settled in Barnstable, 1639. 1639-1902. By Hon. H. Franklin Andrews, author of "The Andrews Family, 1890," "The Hamlin Family, 1894," and "The Hamlin Family, 1900." Published by the author. Exira, Iowa, 1902.

This volume is one of the most considerable literary enterprises ever undertaken by a resident of our State. In fact, we know of none which in point of the labor involved can fairly compare with it. Its data was scattered all over the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Important facts were gathered from old letters, deeds and wills, and from other records preserved in public offices, from crumbling headstones and monuments over long-forgotten graves, from the memoranda set down in family Bibles and church registers. Its author is the Honorable H. F. Andrews, who was a well-known and influential State Senator in 1892-94, from the 17th District, composed of Audubon, Dallas and Guthrie counties. As the genealogy of an illustrious family it is most comprehensive. Aside from this it is a vast compendium of family and general history and biography. The book fills 1411 large octavo pages, and gives the names of 13,000 descendants of the family, among whom we find that of Hannibal Hamlin, who was elected Vice-President of the United States with President Abraham Lincoln in 1860. The work traces the genealogy of some members of the Hamlin family from the time of William the Conqueror to the present day. It has a copious index of nearly 100 pages. Altogether it is one of the fullest and most exhaustive family histories that has yet been published. It is illustrated with many steel and half-tone portraits of members of this and allied families. Mr. Andrews has achieved a distinguished success, which at once places him among the leading genealogists of these times, and he is to be congratulated upon having brought his stupendous task to such a satisfactory conclusion. The book has come from the press in superb style, so far as its printing, engraving and binding are concerned. It sells for \$10 per copy.

NOTABLE DEATHS.

MRS. JANE (UNDERDOWN) YOUNG was born in the county of Kent, England, in 1830; she died at the Battle Creek, Mich., Sanitarium, September 7, 1903. She came to reside in Webster City, with her brother Daniel, a pioneer hotel-keeper, in the spring of 1857. On the 23d of September, 1858, she was united in marriage with Kendall Young, one of the early merchants of that town. As a business man, Mr. Young was greatly prospered and became the principal founder of Webster City's First National Bank. When he died in 1896, the people of that town were agreeably surprised to learn that his entire estate had been left to Webster City for the purpose of founding a public library. The only incumbrance that was attached to the will was a provision that Mrs. Young, who had been for some years an invalid, should be tenderly cared for during her life time, and that the town should not come into possession of the property until her death. The law would have given Mrs. Young a share of the estate regardless of any will that her husband might have left, but she "elected to take under and assist in carrying out the purpose of the will, rather than claim her statutory rights." In pursuance of this, she very generously gave the use, for library purposes, of their commodious home, one of the finest residences in the town, together with a certain part of the income derived from the estate, its accumulations being much in excess of her own needs. She also manifested a strong disposition to economize as far as possible in her expenditures so that more money could go into the library. She personally gave to the library trustees a stated sum per year, and this they wisely expended for fine art books. From that contribution a collection has grown of which all who are interested in the Kendall Young Library are especially proud. The matter was taken up in the district court upon the joint application of Mrs. Young and the executor, and it was ordered that her wishes concerning the provisions of the will be carried into effect. The trustees at once came into possession of the residence, with sufficient money to begin the purchase of books, and it was but a short time until the Kendall Young Library was in successful operation. The will provides for the appropriation of \$25,000 for the erection of a library building. The whole estate will amount to from \$200,000 to \$250,000. The bequest is probably the largest and most generous ever made in the State for the purpose of founding a public library, and the project was equally approved by both husband and wife. Mr. Young appointed the first board of Trustees as follows: F. D. Young, W. J. Covil, J. W. Young, Samuel Baxter and E. D. Burgess, who will proceed at once to erect the library building. Mrs. Young's remains were brought back to Webster City and interred by the side of her husband. They were pioneers who builded wisely in their day and generation, and their munificent benefaction will keep their memories green.

STEPHEN P. YEOMANS was born at German Flats, N. Y., January 23, 1822; he died at the Soldiers' Home, Marshalltown, Iowa, September 8, 1903. He came to Iowa in 1837, settling near Mt. Pleasant, Henry county, where he labored on a farm in summer, and taught school in winter, during three years. He then studied medicine, graduating at Rush Medical College, Chicago, in 1854. He also graduated from the Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, in 1871. After acquiring his profession he practiced medicine at Agency City and Sheridan, Lucas county, Iowa. In 1853 he was elected to the Iowa house of representatives by the district composed of Lucas, Wayne, Decatur and Clarke counties. At the opening of the United States land office in Sioux City, he was appointed register by President Pierce, and was re-appointed by President Buchanan. He held that office six years. During the civil war he was appointed assistant surgeon of the

Seventh Iowa Cavalry, remaining with that regiment until after the war closed. He was not mustered out of the service until May 17, 1866, his discharge dating from Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. He then settled at Clinton, where he practiced his profession until 1879, when he removed to Charles City, which for many years was his home, though he spent a number of years at Osage, Mitchell county, serving in both places as a member of the board of United States pension examiners. He was also a trustee of the Iowa State Agricultural College for six years. Dr. Yeomans was a prominent member of the Iowa Department of the G. A. R., and also of the Pioneer Law Makers' Association of Iowa. He was an excellent Christian gentleman, who possessed an admirable faculty of making friends. As has been seen, he had resided in many localities in Iowa, in all of which he is remembered with great kindness. He was an eloquent speaker, and a clear and able writer. No man received a heartier welcome at the biennial reunions of the Pioneer Law Makers' Association. The Historical Department possesses a tasteful memorial of Dr. Yeomans. A few years before his death he deposited with the curator his commission as "Second Lieutenant, Company —, in the 3d Brigade of the 1st Division of Militia of the Territory of Iowa, with rank from July 24, 1840. "The company letter is covered by a blot and indistinguishable. This is signed by "Robert Lucas, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Militia of said Territory." It bears this attestation: "By the Governor's command, Ver Planck Van Antwerp, Adjutant General." It is accompanied by a signed photograph of the handsome old doctor and a letter in which he briefly sketches the principal events in his long and busy life.

CHARLES ASHTON was born in Heighington, Lincolnshire, England, June 2, 1823; he died at Guthrie Center, Iowa, August 26, 1903. He came to America with his parents in his tenth year, the family settling in Richland county, Ohio. He had but limited opportunities for acquiring an education and to a great extent educated himself. In 1847 he was licensed as an exhorter in the Methodist church, and shortly after became a local preacher. In 1870 he was transferred from the Ohio conference to that of Des Moines, Iowa. He was first stationed at Guthrie Center, afterward having pastorates in Harlan, Dexter, Carlisle, and Guthrie Center. In 1861 he was kicked by a vicious horse, from the effects of which he never recovered. This accident kept him out of the Union Army in the civil war. About the year 1882 he became the editor and proprietor of *The Guthrie*, a republican journal which had been established in the early seventies. In this new field of enterprise "Father" Ashton, as he was now familiarly called, became well and widely known. He was a keen, incisive, vigorous, and always courageous writer. A "free-soiler" in his early manhood, he naturally voted for John C. Fremont for President in 1856, and upon the organization of the republican party became one of its active members. His county supported him for senator in 1895, in a three-cornered fight between Dallas, Guthrie and Audubon counties, but the choice fell to an opponent. "Father" Ashton was public spirited and enterprising to a degree equalled by few men of the region in which he lived. When he settled at Guthrie Center in 1878, he saw at once how necessary it was to have a railroad connection with the outside world. He was instrumental in projecting a road to Menlo, a town on the Rock Island line, and a company was organized of which he became the active, energetic and successful president. The road was built and is now a part of the Rock Island system. He was also one of the Iowa Commissioners to the great Columbian Exposition at Chicago, of which he was one of the most useful working members. He compiled the "Hand Book of Iowa," of which 25,000 copies were published, and was chairman of the committee on history, archaeology and statistics. His days were full of Christian work and genuine usefulness.

JOHN SCOTT was born in Jefferson county, O., April 14, 1811; he died in the city of Des Moines, Iowa, September 23, 1903. He was educated at Franklin College, New Athens, O., studying law at Steubenville, in the same state. He was admitted to practice law by the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1845. He enlisted under Cassius M. Clay in 1846 and went into the Mexican war. The command was captured at Encarnacion, in January, 1847, and remained prisoners for several months. He settled in Nevada, Iowa, in 1856. In 1860 he was chosen to the Iowa Senate for the term of four years, but resigned to enter the Union service in 1861. He became Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3d Iowa, which he commanded in the sharp battle of Blue Mills, Mo., September 17, 1861. In 1862 he was transferred to the 32d Iowa of which he became Colonel. He commanded this regiment until after the battle of Pleasant Hill, La., on the 14th of April, 1864, when he resigned and returned to Iowa. The battle of Pleasant Hill was one of the bloodiest in the south. Over one-half of Col. Scott's regiment were killed or wounded in that affair. He was elected Lieutenant Governor of Iowa in 1868. He was president of the State Agricultural Society in 1872-3, and of the State Improved Stock Breeders' Association and the State Road Improvement Association. He was re-elected to the State Senate in 1886, and was also for two years president of the Iowa Pioneer Law Makers' Association. Col. Scott wrote much for the press, and has in fact, been editor of two or three journals. He was author of a history of the 32d Iowa Infantry, and of a monograph on the genealogy of the Scott family, together with a work recounting his adventures in Mexico. He was especially prominent in Masonic circles, and was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Iowa in 1869 and again in 1870. Col. Scott was one of the well known and distinguished citizens of Iowa, a model husband and father, and one of the "bravest of the brave" among Iowa soldiers.

DAVID C. CLOUD was born in Champaign county, Ohio, January 29, 1817; he died in Chicago, Ill., July 10, 1903. His early school advantages were very limited, wholly ceasing when he was fifteen years old. He commenced to learn the trade of bookbinder, but gave it up in a few months and became a carpenter's apprentice. After learning this trade he settled in Muscatine, then known as Bloomington. He worked at carpentering some eight years, during which time he studied law. While engaged in his legal studies he was elected justice of the peace. Soon after his admission to the bar he was chosen prosecuting attorney, holding that office two terms. His principal public service, in which he obtained a state reputation, was that of attorney general. He was elected August 1, 1853, and re-elected August 7, 1854, the first incumbent of that office in Iowa. He was one of the representatives of Muscatine county in the 6th General Assembly. He was an active, useful man in his prime, taking prominent part in the politics of those days. Mr. Cloud resisted the slaveholders who pursued and sought to capture their "property" in this State. He heartily supported the Union cause during the civil war, writing a book on "The War Powers of the President". He also wrote another book on "Monopolies and the People." In 1872 he supported Horace Greeley for President, becoming a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. After that he continued to act with the Democratic party to the end of his life. During his incumbency of the office of attorney general and for many years afterward, he was one of the most widely known men in Iowa.

LOBAN W. REYNOLDS was born on his father's farm, near Laporte, Ind., May 4, 1846; he died in Chicago, July 31, 1903. He received his education in the elementary schools, supplementing the same by a course at the New Carlisle Literary Institute, and graduating from the law department

of the University of Michigan in the year of his majority. He commenced the practice of law at Chariton, Iowa, and afterwards was associated with Judge Conklin at Vinton, and later opened an office in Carroll. In 1871 he was married to Miss Florence Bowinan of Greene county, and the same year, in company with Hon. A. J. Holmes, opened an office in Boone, the partnership existing until the election of his associate to Congress in 1882. About this time he entered upon a career in the promotion of public utilities, the first being the St. Louis, Des Moines & Northern Railway, connecting Des Moines and Boone. This was followed by the building of the street railway between Boone and Boonesboro; the suburban trolley line connecting the latter place with the mines and Boone viaduct; the electric light and power plant, and the Central Heating System of Boone. He was also interested at its initiation in the electric line between Waterloo and Cedar Falls, in oil at Beaumont, Texas, in the work at Port Arthur, and in various other enterprises. He was energetic, far-seeing, honorable; courteous to his equals and kindly and generous to the lowly. His early death was a loss to his community and to the State. His remains were cremated at Davenport, Iowa, and the ashes rest in Boone.

FRANCIS MARION POWELL was born in Morgan county, Ohio, November 12, 1848; he died at Mercy Hospital, Chicago, August 16, 1903. He graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University, and gave some years afterwards to teaching, at the same time pursuing his medical studies. He graduated in the study of medicine from the Starling Medical College of Columbus, Ohio. He first settled at Hastings, Iowa, where he became a very successful medical practitioner. He removed with his family to Glenwood in 1881, and the following year was appointed Superintendent of the State Institution for Feeble Minded Children which had been located at that place. While in charge of that Institution he achieved remarkable success, becoming an expert in the treatment and management of the feeble minded. He attended meetings in all parts of the country where the subject was considered, and placed himself in touch with the most eminent specialists in the world in his line of work, becoming a leading authority in this field of usefulness. The work of the Institution proved too great for him, and in March, 1903, he was compelled to tender his resignation. After that he was a stricken invalid, vainly seeking restoration to his old condition of health. Among the managers of our State Institutions, few have achieved so brilliant a success.

HENRY CLAY HENDERSON was born in Brownsville, Tenn., December 6, 1827; he died at Los Angeles, Cal., August 13, 1903. Judge Henderson was for many years a resident of Marshalltown, Iowa, where he achieved a state reputation as a lawyer, editor and republican politician. In 1863 he was elected to the State senate for the term of four years. He was considered one of the ablest and most useful men in that body. In 1864 he was chosen a presidential elector for the sixth district of Iowa, casting his vote in the electoral college for Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson. He was elected judge of the eleventh judicial district in 1881, and re-elected in 1882. He remained on the bench until January 1, 1887, when he resumed the practice of the law. He had edited *The Marshalltown Times* as early as 1860, but in 1865 he became its proprietor. He made the paper a recognized organ of the republican party in that section of the State. He was a useful member of the school board of Marshalltown. In 1891 he settled in Boulder, Col., where he practiced law until two years ago when he removed to California. He was a man of much culture, an able journalist and lawyer and a judge who enjoyed universal confidence. *The Marshalltown Times-Republican* of August 15, 1903, gave an elaborate and appreciative sketch of his useful life.

RICHARD ROOT was born in Maryland, January 27, 1834; he died at Camden, Maine, July 28, 1903. This well-known Iowan left the common schools at the age of 16 years. He soon afterwards became a member of the U. S. Coast Survey, and continued for three years on the coasts of Florida and South Carolina. He then went out over the plains to Colorado in charge of a supply train, and resided in Kansas and Colorado until the outbreak of the civil war. He first enlisted in Co. K, in the 19th Iowa Infantry, and was chosen first lieutenant. He was present at the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark. Soon after Governor Kirkwood commissioned him as captain in the 8th Iowa Cavalry. He was promoted to major of the 2d battalion, serving in that capacity until mustered out. He raised, armed and equipped a brigade of colored troops with whom he served but a short time. Returning to Iowa, he was appointed United States marshal of Iowa, which position he held for some years. Later, he was elected sheriff of Lee county. While John H. Gear was United States Senator, Col. Root held the position of superintendent of door-keepers of the Senate until the death of the ex-governor. Col. Root was a pronounced, active and influential politician, enjoying the confidence of those with whom he was associated.

THOMAS BELL was born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 5, 1839; he died at Fairfield, Iowa, August 18, 1903. He came to Iowa in 1857. He enlisted in Company K, Second Iowa Cavalry, in 1861, and re-enlisted in 1864. He was with that famous regiment during all its active service and his military record is in all respects most creditable. Besides participating in sixty-two skirmishes he also took part in the following battles: New Madrid, Mo., the celebrated charge at Farmington, Miss., and the battles of Corinth and Iuka, at Tupelo, Franklin, Nashville, and several others. Returning to Fairfield, Jefferson county, he established himself in the grocery business, which he followed during the remainder of his life. He was chosen to the State Senate in 1895 and served in the 26th and 27th General Assemblies. He was also an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

J. W. JENKINS was born in the state of New York in 1825; he died at Kansas City, Mo., June 24, 1903. He came west early in the fifties and settled at Maquoketa, Jackson county. At the outbreak of the civil war he enlisted in the Union army and rose to the colonelcy of our 31st Infantry, which he commanded until the close of the war. His regiment belonged to the immediate command of General Sherman. He took part in the battles around Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and the Atlanta campaign, and was several times wounded. He was struck by a piece of shell at Resaca, inflicting a wound from which he never fully recovered. After the war he settled in Kansas City, and entered upon the practice of the law. He was a member of the Kansas City Bar Association, the Old Men's Association, and of the Grand Army of the Republic. Col. Milo P. Smith paid a handsome tribute to Col. Jenkins in *The Cedar Rapids Republican* of June 28, 1903.

THOMAS M. C. LOGAN was born at Rushville, Rush county, Ind., February 18, 1830; he died at his home near Centralia, Mo., August 20, 1903. He laid out the town of Logan, Harrison county, which bears his name, and settled there in 1867, becoming widely known as the leading dealer in grain and live stock in that part of the State. He was prominent in promoting the cause of education in his county, and was also noted for his activity and zeal as a temperance worker. Chosen as a member of the board of supervisors in 1879, he found the county warrants were worth but 25 cents on the dollar, but largely through his efforts, the debt was bonded and the credit of the county brought up to par. He was elected to the State Senate in 1887, and served the regular term of four years. He removed from this State some years ago.

GEORGE D. WOODIN was born February 27, 1827, near Warren, Pa.; he died at Sigourney, Iowa, August 12, 1903. He graduated at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., in 1847, after which he studied law in the office of L. D. Wetmore, of Warren. Coming to this State in 1853 he first settled at Iowa City, where he was chosen a representative in the last legislature (1856) held at the old capital. In 1857 he removed to Sigourney, Keokuk county, where he spent his days. In 1858 he was elected prosecuting attorney for the sixth judicial district, which place he held four years. After his term expired he held no public office, but became widely known as one of the ablest criminal lawyers in the State.

J. M. JOHNSTON was born near Findlay, O., August 15, 1855; he died at Waterloo, Iowa, June 9, 1903. He came with his parents to Louisa county, when he was five years of age. After attaining his majority he was for some years an active minister in the United Brethren Church. He held the office of postal clerk and postmaster of the town of Sumner, Bremer county, under the Cleveland administration. He was elected from Bremer county to the Iowa house of representatives of the 23d and 24th General Assemblies. He was one of the influential men of those legislatures, in the last of which he was an important factor in the work of founding the State Historical Department.

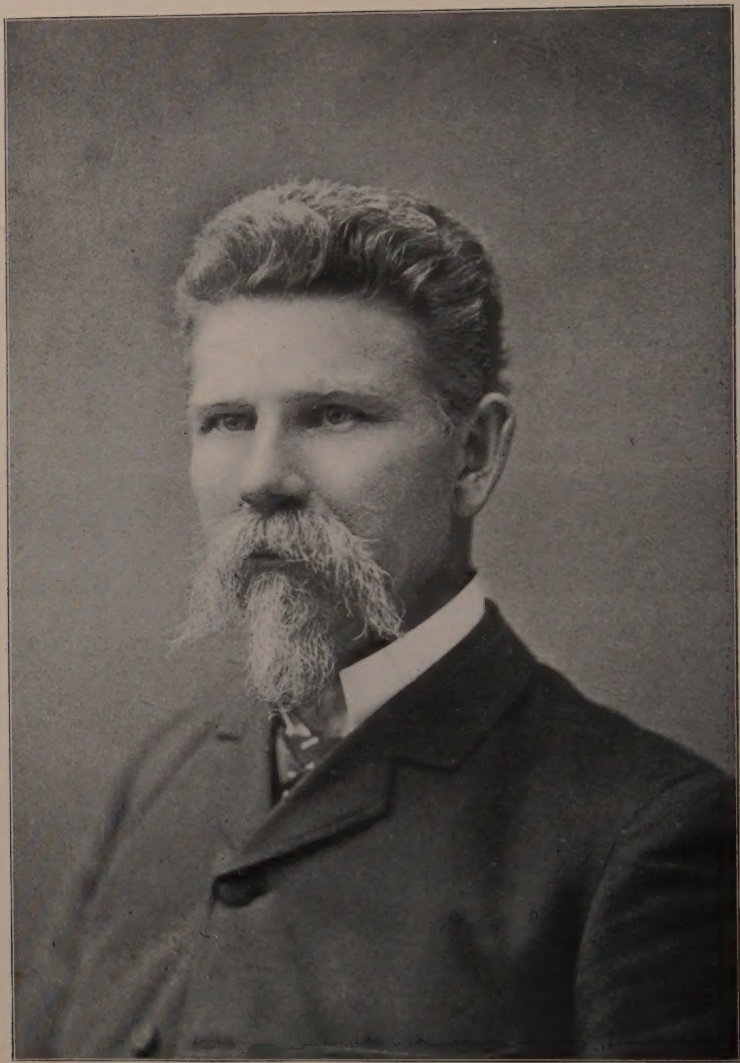
D. CARR EARLY was born in Brown county, Ohio, April 21, 1830; he died at Sac City, Iowa, August 4, 1903. After completing his school education, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in Ohio in 1852. Migrating to Iowa in 1856, he settled in Sac county, where he taught its first public school. He was elected to the office of treasurer and recorder, and also to that of county judge, taking a leading part in the political, social and financial development of the county during its first quarter of a century. He was also one of the founders and long a director of the First National Bank of that city. Few men in northwestern Iowa were better known throughout the State.

BERNARD H. GARRETT was born in the state of Kentucky in 1825; he died near Letts, Iowa, May 21, 1903. He came to Iowa in 1852, settling in Muscatine county. About ten years ago he removed to Letts, which was thereafter his home. He served in the Mexican war as second lieutenant 16th U. S. Infantry. He was once a member of the Kentucky legislature. Removing to Iowa he was elected a member of the house of the 21st general assembly.

ALFRED D. ARTHUR was born in Jefferson county, N. Y., March 7, 1831; he died at Webster City, Iowa, Jan. 28, 1903. He came with his parents to Fond du Lac county, Wis., in 1847. In 1858 he crossed the Mississippi, settling at Spirit Lake. In 1863 he removed to Webster City, where he resided until his death. He was for many years a leading business man, and one of the founders of the Congregational Church in Hamilton county.

DANIEL BREWER died at Waukegan, Ill., Dec. 29, 1902, at the advanced age of 88 years. He came to Iowa at the age of 23, and the following year was chosen to the house of representatives of the second legislative assembly for the counties of Louisa and Washington. He was conspicuous for his advocacy of Iowa City as the site for the State capitol. He removed to Waukegan, Ill., in 1846, where he afterwards resided until his death.

WALTER BURKHOLDER, was born in Holmes county, O., in 1847; he died at Fort Dodge, Iowa, June 15, 1903. He was one of the pioneer settlers of Fort Dodge and had seen its growth from a small frontier village to a thriving city of several thousand inhabitants. He was a brother of Mrs. Gov. C. C. Carpenter, and William E. Burkholder, who was lost on the Spirit Lake expedition of 1857.



Cordially yours,

William G. Donnan

HON. WILLIAM G. DONNAN,

Iowa soldier in the civil war; State Senator and member of Congress; founder
of the Hospital for the Insane at Independence, Iowa.